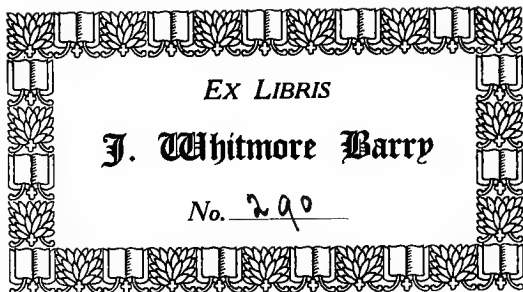


L'AIGLON



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# The New York Times.

"All the News That's Fit to Print."

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, OCT. 23, 1900.

## MAUDE ADAMS AS THE STRICKEN EAGLET

Parker's English Version of Rostand's "L'Aiglon."

A Meritorious Performance at the  
Knickerbocker Theatre—A Lack of  
Virtuosity—Stage Gossip.

Persons who cherish ideals of theatrical art will be grateful to the manager who has set upon our stage a work so worthy as Edmond Rostand's "L'Aiglon," done into English by Louis N. Parker, in a worthy manner. The performance of "The Eaglet," seen for the first time in this city at the Knickerbocker Theatre last night, was followed with close interest and respect by the audience and was frequently interrupted by applause that truthfully indicated the feeling of the spectators toward the play and the acting of it.

The play, in fact, will fairly sustain the reputation its author secured with his "Cyrano de Bergerac," though, surely, its insistence upon the Napoleonic ideal of national glory will never excite the enthusiasm in this country which it was sure to arouse in its native land.

In the choice of Maude Adams to fill the title rôle, also, no great mistake has been made, in the existing circumstances. Unless an inspired boy could have been found for the character of the young Duke of Reichstadt, (and inspired boys are scarce in every epoch,) certainly no more fit selection could have been made.

We are not rich in these days in dramatic genius, and Miss Adams has many and rare artistic traits that have lately put her fairly in the front rank of the younger English-speaking actresses.

She looks the scion of the Bonaparte-Hapsburg union to the life. One never thinks of her as a woman from the beginning of the play to its sad last scene. In every pictorial and superficial attribute her portrayal is flawless. Not a gesture or a pose is out of place or awkward.

She wears her garments as if used to them all her life. The mask is a fine

study, and the play of features is surprisingly varied and effective, while the young artist's integrity of purpose, her dramatic aptitude, and sympathy shine through all the performance, and her own uncommon personal charm is continuously exerted. Her denotement of the outward signs of the Prince's malady is discreet and artistic. There was not a dissenting voice in the house last night after the curtain had fallen on Act I. A new and splendid triumph for Miss Adams was then predicted. She had won the sympathy and aroused the fervently expressed admiration of the whole audience. In the "lesson scene," as it will be called, in which the Prince, to satisfy two incredulous Bonapartists hidden behind a screen, confuses his old tutor by uttering a splendid apostrophe to the glory of the hero of Tilsit, she had shown an unexpected command of declamatory force and elocutionary skill.

In the earlier scenes of Act II, also, when the royal captive at Schonbrunn rebukes Marmont and hails the discovery of an old French grenadier in his suite; pleads with his grandsire for the right to return to France, and hurls defiance at calculating Metternich, Miss Adams was equally successful. One forgot the theatre then and felt that he was actually in the presence of the Duke of Reichstadt.

But, alas, there followed episodes requiring technical skill far beyond her command. The audience was wearied by a long and fantastical scene in which Metternich was supposed to be bewildered in the presence of the great Emperor's hat and the apparition of the old grenadier in full uniform, and to actually fear that the first Napoleon had returned from the grave.

This required better acting than it received, and so did the climactic episode at the mirror, in which Metternich showed the poor Prince his Hapsburg features, and shamed him. The play of passion here is tumultuous. The working up of the scene theatrically suggests the tact and knowledge of Sardou rather than the poetic genius of Rostand, and although the fault lay doubtless as much with the English adapter as with Miss Adams and more with the actor of Metternich, Edwin Arden, than with either, the result was very disappointing.

The complete sympathy of the audience was not recovered until the daring scene on the field of Wagram, in Act IV. The fête in Act III was merely a pictorial triumph. As the inspired leader of the conspiracy, proclaimed Emperor, and promising favors to his followers; as the defeated Prince, saying farewell to his few adherents in presence of the unimaginative police, in all the subtle and beautiful details of a well-arranged and beautifully written episode, Miss Adams was technically proficient and charming, while in the difficult climax of frenzy, when the Prince, left alone with his dying grenadier, hears the voices of the victims and the shouts of the victors at Wagram borne on the morning breeze, though her technical deficiency was obvious, her sincerity still counted for much and the tumult of applause which followed was deserved.

The death scene which closes the play is not simple and natural. It is surprisingly full of theatrical artifice. Miss Adams carried it through with only moderate dramatic success. But it is not long and it is pictorially effective.

This third rôle taken up by Miss Adams since she began her career as a star, excepting two or three passages calling for a brilliant display of sheer virtuosity, lies much more clearly within the range of her powers of expression than Shakespeare's Juliet, though in that difficult character the young actress secured a positive triumph through the sincerity of her art, and denoted the steadfast passion of the Capulet girl and the pathos of her plight



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 ous dancer.

- .Maude Adams
- .H. Gilmour
- .Edwin Arden
- .Percy Lyndall
- .Eugene Jepson
- .Oswald Yorke
- .William Lewers
- .Edward Lester
- .Peyton Carter
- .Ph. Francoeur
- .H. Benrimo
- .William Crosby
- .Clayton Legge
- .William Irving
- .Enza Cordova
- .Edward Jacobs
- .H. D. James
- .Herbert Carr
- .S. Robertson
- .Lloyd Carleton
- .Berwick Spencer
- .Byron Ongley
- .B. E. Belcher
- .John H. Weldon
- .Charles Martin
- .Henry P. Davis
- .Les Henderson
- .C. Merrifield
- .Henry Clarke
- .As H. Elwood
- .George Klein
- .Frank Goodman
- .Ralph Toers
- .R. Butterworth
- .Ida Waterman
- .Sarah Converse
- .Ellie Collmer
- .Sara Perry
- .Margaret Gordon
- .Neil Comstock
- .Edith Scott
- .Alice Morrison

Rostand Urging Upon Coquelin the Necessity of Being Romantic. Drawing by Max Beerbohm in Exhibition at the Berlin Photographic Company.

# The New York

"All the News T

PUBLISHED EVERY

NEW YORK, TUE

## MAUDE ADAMS THE STRIP

Parker's English  
stand's "

A Meritorious P  
Knickerbocker T  
Virtuosity—

Persons who cheri  
art will be grateful  
has set upon our st  
as Edmond Rostan  
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worthy manner.

"The Eaglet," seen  
this city at the Knic  
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stadt, (and inspired  
every epoch,) certai  
tion could have bear

We are not rich in  
genius, and Miss Ada  
artistic traits that h  
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lish-speaking actress

She looks the scl  
Hapsburg union to  
thinks of her as a w  
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every pictorial and  
her portrayal is fla  
or a pose is out of p

She wears her garments as if used to  
them all her life. The mask is a fine



NOW THAT BROADWAY HAS  
WE MAY SOON BE REGAL



triumph through the sincerity of her art  
and denoted the steadfast passion of the  
Capulet girl and the pathos of her plight

more effectively than any other actress of her own particular epoch, even while she failed to give the wonderful beauty of the poetry its due expression or to fairly reach the exalted plane of tragedy on which the rôle belongs.

But the weak, pretty young son of the mighty Napoleon, idling away his young life under the cold eye of Metternich, aroused to a frenzy of patriotic zeal and ambition by the influence of a few lingering Bonapartists, and then relapsing into pitiful weakness, delirium, stupor, and death, is not on the plane of Juliet.

The character, indeed, has been made interesting, lovable, one that the whole world can sympathize with, by the genius of the French poet. One may not feel the glow of pride in the glory of Bonaparte all Frenchmen are supposed to feel nowadays, and yet this exquisitely tender and poetical exposition of the character of Bonaparte's ill-fated son will not fall frequently to move him.

Miss Adams's portrayal probably leaves few notes Rostand has lent to the rôle absolutely untouched, certainly none that has been translated into English verse by Parker. The people who have been marveling over the choice of "a Bernhardt rôle" for this young American artist, distinguished chiefly for her artistic comprehension, sensibility, and personal charm, forget that the fame of Bernhardt does not rest alone on the Toscas, the Fedoras, and the Phedras of her rich repertory. Reichstadt does not belong to that grim category.

The genius of Sarah Bernhardt is broad and her taste in art catholic, and while it will be a rare pleasure to be able to see her portrayal of the young King of Rome next month, in the light of Miss Adams's, we may be perfectly sure, after last night's performance, that the work of the younger actress will survive whatever comparison it is then found worth while to make. It is, as a whole, good work, and distinguished by a high order of endeavor.

Of the English version of Rostand's French text more may be said later. It is certainly workmanlike, and, excepting in the mirror scene already described, in which scarcely a word reached the audience, Mr. Parker has not used English that is too hard to speak intelligibly. There seem to be a few passages here and there which might as well be curtailed or omitted. The persistent adoration of the dead Napoleon and abuse of his enemies is not always stirring or grateful to impartial ears.

Nevertheless this is a noble and dignified work, one marked by genuine inspiration and good stagecraft as well, and its performance, taken as a whole, may be cordially recommended to cultivated persons. The popular success of such a play is always a consummation to be devoutly wished for.

The production is magnificent in a pictorial way, and the representation of the European dress and decoration of the period immediately following the Napoleonic era is rich, suggestive, and gratifying to the eye. Both the interior and exterior views are lovely. The groups of gayly attired men and women of the Court sustain the illusion. The picture of the battlefield of Wagram at midnight and at dawn is wonderfully stirring and impressive in its uncanny way.

In the acting of the play there are a few

defects, as already noted. There is some chance for individual distinction beyond the little rôle. J. H. Gilmour, always a sound and useful actor, if not a particularly flexible or imaginative one, is reasonably effective both pictorially and dramatically, as the veteran French grenadier Flambeau, the character Coquelin will act next month at the Garden Theatre.

Edwin Arden denotes well the austerity and frigidity of Prince Metternich, but falls in his strongest scene, while Joseph Francoeur and Ida Waterman are all that could be required in the comparatively slight but effective rôles of the aged Emperor and his daughter, the Eaglet's vain mother, widow of an Emperor and also of an Austrian soldier. Sara Perry is effective as the beautiful, fervent, and alluring schemer, while Ellie Colmer, a promising graduate of Herr Conried's dramatic school in Irving Place, acts another small rôle admirably.

Peyton Carter, Jepson, Benrimo, Oswald Yorke, and other competent actors carry small parts with good skill, while Margaret Gordon is attractive in the episodic rôle of Fanny Elssler, the famous dancer.

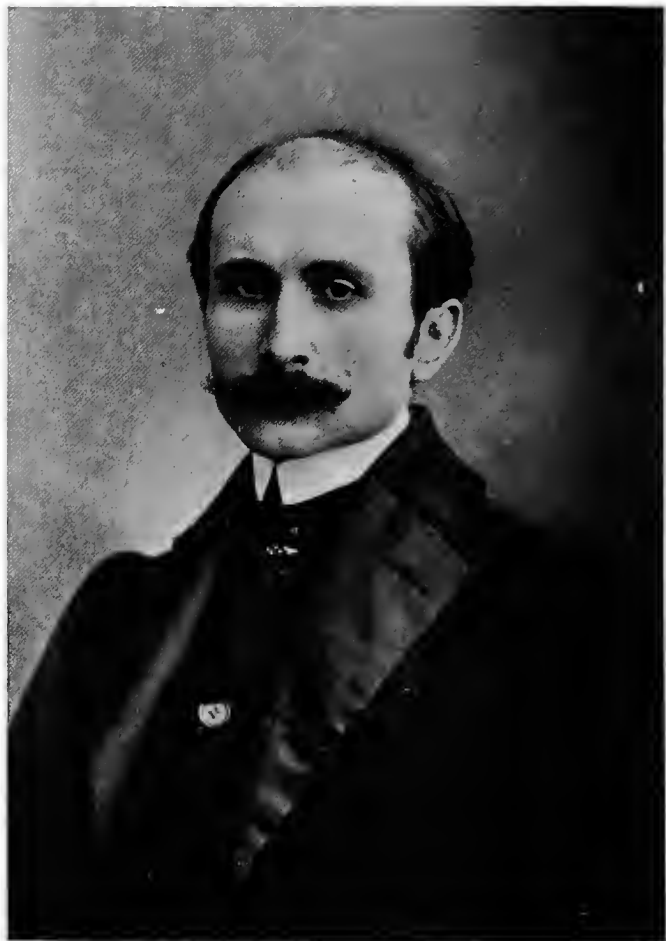
Duke of Reichstadt.....	Maude Adams
Flambeau .....	J. H. Gilmour
Prince Metternich.....	Edwin Arden
Count Prokesh.....	Percy Lyndall
Baron Friedrich von Gentz.....	Eugene Jepson
Attache of the French Embassy.....	Oswald Yorke
The Tailor.....	William Lewers
Count Maurice Dietrichstein.....	Edward Lester
Baron von Obenaus.....	R. Peyton Carter
Emperor Francis.....	Joseph Francoeur
Marshal Marmont.....	J. H. Benrimo
Count Sednizky.....	William Crosby
Marquis of Bombelles.....	Clayton Legge
Tiburtius de Loget.....	William Irving
Lord Cowley.....	Rienza Cordova
Count Sandor.....	Edward Jacobs
Dr. Malfatti.....	H. D. James
Gen. Hartman.....	Herbert Carr
Capt. Forestl.....	John S. Robertson
An Austrian Sergeant.....	Lloyd Carleton
A Country Doctor.....	Frederick Spencer
His son.....	Byron Ongley
Thalberg.....	B. B. Belcher
Montenegro.....	Morton H. Weldon
The Chamberlain.....	Charles Martin
Officer of the Guard.....	Henry P. Davis
Marquis of Otranto.....	Charles Henderson
Goubeaux.....	Don C. Merrifield
Pionnet.....	Henry Clarke
Morchain.....	Thomas H. Elwood
Guibert.....	George Klein
Borofski.....	Frank Goodman
Police Officer.....	Ralph Yberg
Archduke.....	Walter Butterworth
Maria Louisa.....	Ida Waterman
Archduchess Sophia.....	Sarah Converse
Theresa de Loget.....	Ellie Colmer
The Countess Camerata.....	Sara Perry
Fanny Elssler.....	Margaret Gordon
Scarampi.....	Francis Comstock
Mina.....	Edith Scott
Archduchess.....	Beatrice Morrison







L'AIGLON



M. EDMOND ROSTAND, THE NEW ACADEMICIAN.

EDMOND ROSTAND, THE AUTHOR OF "L'AIGLON," "CYRANO," ETC., IN HIS "WORKSHOP," PARIS.







# L' AIGLON

*A PLAY IN SIX ACTS*

BY

EDMOND ROSTAND

TRANSLATED BY

LOUIS N. PARKER

R. H. RUSSELL



NEW YORK, MCMII

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By Robert Howard Russell



## THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

The cast as presented by Maude Adams at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, October, 1900

THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT, *son of Napoleon I. and the Archduchess Maria Louisa of Austria*

MAUDE ADAMS

FLAMBEAU, *a veteran*.....J. H. GILMOUR

PRINCE METTERNICH, *Chancellor of Austria*

EDWIN ARDEN

COUNT PROKESCH.....PERCY LYNDALL

BARON FRIEDRICH VON GENTZ.....EUGENE JEPSON

THE ATTACHÉ OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY *at the Austrian Court*.....OSWALD YORK

THE TAILOR, *a conspirator*.....WILLIAM LEWERS

COUNT MAURICE DIETRICHSTEIN.....EDWARD LESTER

BARON VON OBENAU.....R. PEYTON CARTER

THE EMPEROR FRANCIS OF AUSTRIA....JOS. FRANCŒUR

MARSHAL MARMONT, *Duke of Ragusa*...J. H. BENRIMO

COUNT SEDLNIZKY, *Prefect of the Austrian Police*

WILLIAM CROSBY

THE MARQUIS OF BOMBELLES, *betrothed to Maria Louisa* .....

CLAYTON LEGGE

TIBURTIUS DE LOGET.....WILLIAM IRVING

LORD COWLEY, *English Ambassador at the Austrian Court* .....

RIENZI DE CORDOVA

COUNT SANDOR.....EDWARD JACOBS

DOCTOR Malfatti.....H. D. JAMES

GENERAL HARTMAN.....HERBERT CARR

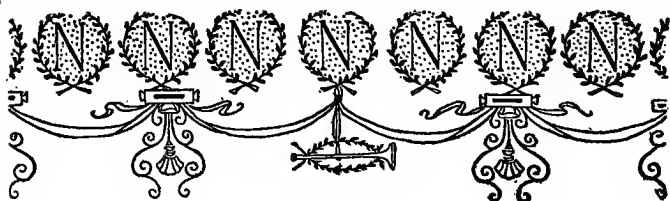
CAPTAIN Foresti.....JOHN S. ROBERTSON

AN AUSTRIAN SERGEANT.....LLOYD CARLETON

A COUNTRY DOCTOR.....FREDERICK SPENCER  
 HIS SON.....BYRON ONGLEY  
 THALBERG.....B. B. BELCHER  
 MONTENEGRO.....MORTON H. WELDON  
 THE CHAMBERLAIN.....CHARLES MARTIN  
 AN OFFICER OF THE NOBLE GUARD, *the Emperor of  
 Austria's Bodyguard*.....HENRY P. DAVIS  
 THE MARQUIS OF OTRANTO, *son of Fouche*  
 CHARLES HENDERSON  
 GOUBEAUX.. }  
 PIONNET.... } *Bonapartist*  
 MORCHAIN.. } *conspirators* { .....DON C. MERRIFIELD  
 GUIBERT.... } { .....HENRY CLARKE  
 BOROWSKI... } { ...THOMAS H. ELWOOD  
 .....GEORGE KLEIN  
 .....FRANK GOODMAN  
 FIRST POLICE OFFICER.....RALPH YOERG  
 FIRST ARCHDUKE, *a child*.....WALTER BUTTERWORTH  
 SECOND ARCHDUKE, *a child*.....JOHN LEEMAN  
 MARIA LOUISA, *second wife of Napoleon I, widow  
 of Count Neipperg*.....IDA WATERMAN  
 THE ARCHDUCHESS SOPHIA OF AUSTRIA  
 SARAH CONVERSE  
 THERESA DE LOGET, *sister of Tiburtius de Loget*  
 ELLIE COLLMER  
 THE COUNTESS NAPOLEONE CAMERATA, *daughter of  
 Napoleon's sister, Elisa Bacciocchi*... SARAH PERRY  
 FANNY ELSSLER.....MARGARET GORDON  
 SCARAMPI, *Mistress of the Robes*... FRANCIS COMSTOCK  
 MINA, *a maid-of-honor*.....EDITH SCOTT  
 AN ARCHDUCHESS, *a child*.....BEATRICE MORRISON

*Princes, Princesses, Archdukes, Archduchesses, Maids-  
 of-Honor, Officers, Noble Guard, Masks (Male and  
 Female), Croatian Peasants, Hungarian Peasants,  
 Austrian Soldiers, Police Officers.*

*The period covered by the play is from 1830 to 1832.*





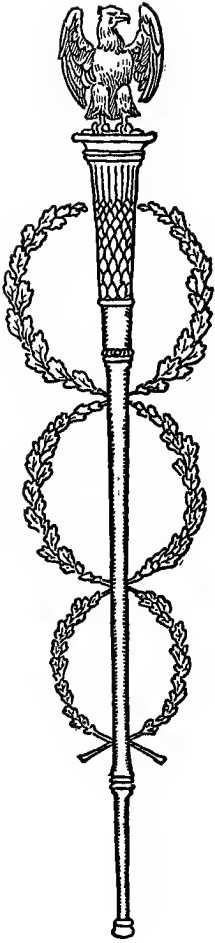


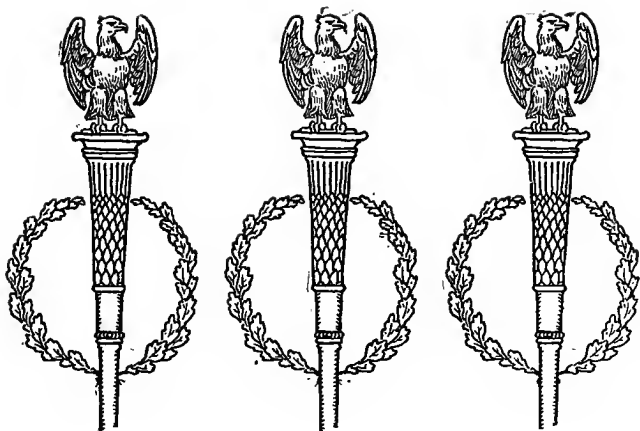


THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT  
FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE



THE FIRST ACT





# L' AIGLON

## THE FIRST ACT

*At Baden, near Vienna, in 1830.*

*The drawing-room of the villa occupied by MARIA LOUISA. The walls are painted al fresco in bright colors. The frieze is decorated with a design of sphinxes.*

*At the back, between two other windows, a window reaching to the ground and forming the entrance from the garden. Beyond, the balustrade of the terrace leading into the garden; a glimpse of lindens and pine-trees. A magnificent day in the beginning of September. Empire furniture of lemon-wood decorated with bronze. A large china stove in the centre of the wall on the left. In front of it a door. On the right, two doors. The first leads to the apartments of MARIA LOUISA. In front of the window on the left at the back an Erard piano of the period, and a harp. A big table on the right, and against the right wall a small table with*

# L' A I G L O N

*shelves filled with books. On the left, facing the audience, a Récamier couch, and a large stand for candlesticks. A great many flowers in vases. Framed engravings on the walls representing the members of the Imperial Family of Austria. A portrait of the Emperor Francis.*

*At the rise of the curtain a group of elegant ladies is discovered at the further end of the room. Two of them are seated at the piano, with their backs to the audience, playing a duet. Another is at the harp. They are playing at sight, amid much laughter and many interruptions. A lackey ushers in a modestly dressed young girl who is accompanied by an officer of the Austrian Cavalry. Seeing that no one notices their entrance, these two remain standing a moment in a corner. The COUNT DE BOMBELLES comes in from the door on the right and goes toward the piano. He sees the young girl, and stops, with a smile.*

THE LADIES.

*[Surrounding the piano, laughing, and all talking at the same time.]*

SHE misses all the flats!—It's scandalous!—  
I'll take the bass!—Loud pedal!—One! Two!—  
Harp!

BOMBELLES.

*[To THERESA.]*

What! You!

THERESA.

Good-day, my Lord Bombelles!

A LADY.

*[At the piano.]*

*Mi, sol.*

THERESA.

I enter on my readership—

# L' A I G L O N

ANOTHER LADY.

[*At the piano.*]

The flats!

THERESA.

It's thanks to you.

BOMBELLES.

My dear Theresa! Nothing!  
You are my relative, and you are French.

THERESA.

[*Presenting the officer.*]

Tiburtius—

BOMBELLES.

Ah, your brother!

[*He gives him his hand and pushes forward a  
chair for THERESA.*]

Take a seat.

THERESA.

I'm very nervous.

BOMBELLES.

[*With a smile.*]

Heavens! What about?

THERESA.

To venture near the persons of the two  
The Emperor left!

BOMBELLES.

Oh, is that all, my child?

TIBURTIUS.

Our people hated Bonaparte of old—

THERESA.

Yes—but to see—

BOMBELLES.

His widow?

# L' A I G L O N

T H E R E S A .

His son? And perhaps

B O M B E L L E S .

Assuredly.

T H E R E S A .

Why, it would mean  
I'd never thought or read, and was not French,  
Nor born in recent years, if I could stand  
Unmoved so near them. Is she lovely?

B O M B E L L E S .

Who?

T H E R E S A .

Her Majesty of Parma?

B O M B E L L E S .

Why—

T H E R E S A .

And that itself is beauty. She's sad

B O M B E L L E S .

But I'm puzzled.  
Surely you've seen her?

T H E R E S A .

No.

T I B U R T I U S .

We've just come in.

B O M B E L L E S .

Yes, but—

T I B U R T I U S .

We feared we might disturb these ladies  
Whose laughter sings new gamuts to the piano.

T H E R E S A .

Here in my corner I await her notice.



# L' A I G L O N

BOMBELLES.

What? Why, it's she who's playing bass this moment!

THERESA.

The Emp—?

BOMBELLES.

I'll go and tell her.

*[He goes to the piano and whispers to one of the ladies who are playing.]*

MARIA LOUISA.

*[Turning.]*

Ah! this child—

Quite a pathetic story—yes—you told me:

A brother—

BOMBELLES.

Father exiled. Son an exile.

TIBURTIUS.

The Austrian uniform is to my taste;

And then there's fox-hunting, which I adore.

MARIA LOUISA.

*[To THERESA.]*

So that's the rascal whose extravagance

Eats up your little fortune?

THERESA.

Oh!—my brother—

MARIA LOUISA.

The wretch has ruined you, but you forgive him!

Theresa de Loget, I think you're charming!

*[She takes THERESA by both hands and makes her sit beside her on the couch.]*

*[BOMBELLES and TIBURTIUS retire to the back.]*

Now you're among my ladies. I may boast

I'm not unpleasant; rather sad at times

Since—

# L' A I G L O N

THERESA.

I am grieved beyond the power of words.

MARIA LOUISA.

Yes, to be sure. It was a grievous loss.  
That lovely soul was little known!

THERESA.

Oh, surely!

MARIA LOUISA.

[Turning to BOMBELLES.]

I've just been writing; they're to keep his horse—

[To THERESA.]

Since the dear General's death—

THERESA.

The—General's?

MARIA LOUISA.

He'd kept that title.

THERESA.

Ah, I understand!

MARIA LOUISA.

I weep.

THERESA.

That title was his greatest glory.

MARIA LOUISA.

One cannot know at first all one has lost;  
And I lost all when General Neipperg died.

THERESA.

Neipperg?

MARIA LOUISA.

I came to Baden for distraction.

It's nice. So near Vienna.—Ah, my dear,  
My nerves are troublesome; they say I'm thinner—  
And growing very like Madame de Berry.  
'Twas Vitrolles said so. Now I do my hair

# L' A I G L O N

Like her. Why did not Heaven take me too?  
This villa's small, of course; but 't isn't bad;  
Metternich is our guest in passing.

[*She points to the door on the left.*]

There.

He leaves to-night. The life at Baden's gay.  
We have the Sandors and the pianist Thalberg,  
And Montenegro sings to us in Spanish.  
Fontana howls an air from *Figaro*.  
The wife of the Ambassador of England  
And the Archduchess come; we go for drives—  
But nothing soothes my grief!—Ah, could the Gen-  
eral—!

Of course you're coming to the ball to-night?

T H E R E S A .

Why—

M A R I A L O U I S A .

At the Meyendorffs'. Strauss will be there.  
She must be present, mustn't she, Bombelles?

T H E R E S A .

May I solicit of your Majesty  
News of the Duke of Reichstadt?

M A R I A L O U I S A .

In good health.

He coughs a little; but the air of Baden  
Is good for him. He's quite a man. He's reached  
The critical hour of entrance in the world!  
Oh dear! when I consider he's already  
Lieutenant-Colonel! Think how grieved I am  
Never to have seen him in his uniform!

[*Enter the DOCTOR and his son, bringing a box.*]

M A R I A L O U I S A .

Ah! These must be for him!

T H E D O C T O R .

Yes; the collections.

# L' A I G L O N

MARIA LOUISA.

Please put them down.

BOMBELLES.

What are they?

THE DOCTOR.

Butterflies.

THERESA.

Butterflies?

MARIA LOUISA.

Yes; when I was visiting

This amiable old man, the local doctor,

I saw his boy arranging these collections.

I sighed aloud, Alas! would but my son,

Whom nothing moves, take interest in these!

THE DOCTOR.

So then I answered, Well, your Majesty,

One never knows. Why not? We can but try;

I'll bring my butterflies!

THERESA.

His butterflies!

MARIA LOUISA.

Could he but leave his solitary musings

To occupy his mind with—

THE DOCTOR.

Lepidoptera.

MARIA LOUISA.

Leave them; come back; he's out at present.

[To THERESA.]

You

Come, I'll present you to Scampì. She's

The Mistress of the Robes.

[She sees METTERNICH, who enters L.]

Ah, Metternich!

Dear Prince, we leave you the saloon.

# L' A I G L O N

METTERNICH.

Indeed,  
I had to come here to receive the Envoy—

MARIA LOUISA.

I know—

METTERNICH.

Of General Belliard, French Ambassador;  
And Councillor Gentz, and several Estafets.

With your permission—

[*To a lackey.*] First, Baron von Gentz.

MARIA LOUISA.

The room is yours.

[*She goes out with THERESA. TIBURTIUS and  
BOMBELLES follow her. GENTZ enters.*]

METTERNICH.

Good-morning, Gentz. You know  
The Emperor recalls me to Vienna?  
I'm going back to-day.

GENTZ.

Ah?

METTERNICH.

Yes; it's tiresome—  
The town in summer!

GENTZ.

Empty as my pocket.

METTERNICH.

Oh, come now! No offence, you know, but—eh?  
Surely the Russian Government has—

GENTZ.

*Me!*

METTERNICH.

Be frank. Who's bought you? Eh?

# L' A I G L O N

G E N T Z .

[*Munching sweetmeats.*]

The highest bidder.

M E T T E R N I C H .

Where does the money go?

G E N T Z .

[*Smelling at a scent-bottle he has taken out of his pocket.*]

In riotous living.

M E T T E R N I C H .

Good Heavens! And you're considered my right hand!

G E N T Z .

Let not your left know what your right receives.

M E T T E R N I C H .

Sweetmeats and perfumes! Oh!

G E N T Z .

Why, yes, of course.

I've money; I love sweets and perfumes. Yes,  
I'm a depraved old baby.

M E T T E R N I C H .

Affectation!

Mere pose of self-contempt.

[*Suddenly.*]

And Fanny?

G E N T Z .

Elssler? Won't love me. I'm ridiculous  
From every point of view. She loves the Duke.

I'm but a screen; but I'm content to suffer

When I remember how it serves the state

If he's amused. And so I play the fool,

And dance attendance on the little dancer.

She bade me bring her here this very night,

Just to surprise the Duke.

# L ' A I G L O N

M E T T E R N I C H .

You scandalize me.

G E N T Z .

His mother's going out. There's dancing.

[*He hands METTERNICH a letter which he has taken out of a pocket-book.*]

Read—

From Fouché's son.

M E T T E R N I C H .

[*Reading the letter.*] August the twentieth,  
Eighteen hundred and thirty—

G E N T Z .

He'd transform—

M E T T E R N I C H .

Good Viscount of Otranto!

G E N T Z .

Our Duke of Reichstadt to Napoleon Two.

M E T T E R N I C H .

[*Handing back the letter.*]

A list of partisans?

G E N T Z .

Yes.

M E T T E R N I C H .

Make a note.

G E N T Z .

Do we refuse?

M E T T E R N I C H .

Without destroying hope.

Ah, but my little Colonel serves me well  
To keep these Frenchmen straight. When they forget  
Their Metternich, and lean too much to the left,  
I let him show his nose out of his box, and—crack!—  
When they come right, I pop him in again!

# L' A I G L O N

GENTZ.

When can one see the springs work?

METTERNICH.

Now.

[*Enter the French ATTACHÉ.*

METTERNICH.

The Envoy

Of General Belliard. Welcome, sir.

[*Hands him papers.*]

The papers.

We accept in principle King Louis Philip;

But don't let's have too much of '99,

Or we might crack a little egg-shell!

THE ATTACHÉ.

Sir,

Are you alluding to Prince Francis Charles?

METTERNICH.

The Duke of Reichstadt? Oh, sir, as for me,

I don't admit his father reigned.

THE ATTACHÉ.

[*Generously.*]

I do.

METTERNICH.

So I'll do nothing for the Duke. Yet—

THE ATTACHÉ.

Yet?

METTERNICH.

Yet, should you give too loose a reign to freedom,

Permit yourself the slightest propaganda,

Let Monsieur Royer-Collard come too often

And bare his bosom to your king; in short,

If your new kingdom's too republican,

We might—our temper's not angelical—

We might remember Francis is our grandson.



# L ' A I G L O N

THE ATTACHÉ.

Our lilies never shall turn red.

METTERNICH.

And while

They keep their whiteness bees shall not approach them.

THE ATTACHÉ.

'Tis feared in spite of you the Duke may hope.

METTERNICH.

No.

THE ATTACHÉ.

Things are happening.

METTERNICH.

But we filter them.

THE ATTACHÉ.

Doesn't he know that France has changed her king?

METTERNICH.

Yes; but the detail he does not yet know  
Is that his father's flag, the tricolor,  
Is re-established. 'Twill be time enough—

THE ATTACHÉ.

He would be drunk with hope!

METTERNICH.

We'll keep him sober.

THE ATTACHÉ.

He's not so strictly guarded here at Baden.

METTERNICH.

Oh, here there's nought to fear. He's with his mother.

THE ATTACHÉ.

Well; sir?

METTERNICH.

What spy could have such interest  
In watching him? For any plot would trouble  
Her lovely calm.

# L' A I G L O N

THE ATTACHÉ.

Is not that calmness feigned?  
She cannot have a thought but for her eaglet!

MARIA LOUISA.

[*Entering hurriedly.*]

My parrot!

THE ATTACHÉ.

[*Starting.*]

Eh?

MARIA LOUISA.

[*To METTERNICH.*]

Margharitina's flown!

METTERNICH.

Oh!

MARIA LOUISA.

My parrot, Margharitina!

METTERNICH.

[*To the ATTACHÉ.*]

There, sir!

THE ATTACHÉ.

[*To MARIA LOUISA.*]

May I not seek it, Highness?

MARIA LOUISA.

[*Curtly.*]

No. [*She goes out.*]

THE ATTACHÉ.

[*To METTERNICH.*]

What's wrong?

METTERNICH.

We say, Your Majesty; you called her Highness.

THE ATTACHÉ.

But if we don't allow the Emperor reigned  
She cannot be addressed as Majesty  
Except as Parma's Duchess—

# L' A I G L O N

METTERNICH.

That's her title.

THE ATTACHÉ.

Then that was why she looked such daggers at me!

METTERNICH.

Question of protocols and of precedence.

THE ATTACHÉ.

[*Preparing to take his leave.*]

May the French Embassy from this day forward  
Display the tricolor cockade?

METTERNICH.

[*With a sigh.*] Of course,  
Since we're agreed—

[*Seeing the ATTACHÉ silently throw away the  
white cockade which was on his hat and re-  
place it with a tricolor which he takes out of his  
pocket.*]

Come, come! You lose no time!

[*Noise of harness-bells without.*]

METTERNICH.

What is it now?

GENTZ.

[*Who is on the terrace.*]

The guests of the Archduke.

The Meyendorffs, Lord Cowley, Thalberg—

BOMBELLES.

[*Who has quickly come in R. at the sound of the  
bells, followed by TIBURTIUS.*]

Meet them!

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

[*Appearing on the threshold surrounded by a  
crowd of lords and ladies in elegant summer  
costumes. (Light dresses and parasols; large*

# L ' A I G L O N

*hats.) Two little boys and a little girl dressed in the latest fashion.]*

'Tis but a villa; not a palace.

*[The room is crowded. She turns to a young man.]*

Quick!

Thalberg, my Tarantelle!

*[THALBERG sits at the piano and plays.]*

*[To METTERNICH.]* Where is her Majesty,  
My lovely sister?

A L A D Y .

We looked in to fetch her.

A N O T H E R L A D Y .

We're rushing through the valley on a coach.  
Sandor is driving.

A M A N ' S V O I C E .

We must thrust the lava  
Back in its crater!

T H E A R C H D U C H E S S .

Oh! do hold your tongues  
They will insist on talking of volcanoes.

B O M B E L L E S .

What's this volcano?

A L A D Y .

*[To another.]*

Astrachan this winter.

S A N D O R .

*[To BOMBELLES.]*

Why, liberal opinions.

B O M B E L L E S .

Ah!

[ 26 ]

# L' A I G L O N

L O R D C O W L E Y .

Or, rather, France!

M E T T E R N I C H .

[*To the ATTACHÉ.*]

You hear him?

A L A D Y .

[*To a young man.*]

Montenegro, sing to me

Under your breath, for me alone.

M O N T E N E G R O .

[*Whom THALBERG accompanies, sings very softly.*]

Corazon—

[*He continues, pianissimo.*]

A N O T H E R L A D Y .

[*To GENTZ.*]

Ah, Gentz!

[*She dips into her reticule.*]

Some bon-bons, Gentz?

[*She gives him some.*]

G E N T Z .

You are an angel.

A N O T H E R L A D Y .

[*Similar business.*]

Perfume from Paris?

[*She takes out a little bottle of scent and gives it to him.*]

M E T T E R N I C H .

[*Hurriedly to GENTZ.*]

Tear the label off!

“The Reichstadt scent”!

G E N T Z .

[*Smelling perfume.*]

It smells of violets.

# L ' A I G L O N

METTERNICH.

[*Snatches the bottle out of his hand and scrapes the label off with a pair of scissors he takes from the table.*]

If the Duke came he'd see that still at Paris—

A VOICE.

[*Among the group at the back of the stage.*]  
The Hydra lifts its head—

A LADY.

Our husbands talk  
Of Hydras!

LORD COWLEY.  
And it must be stifled.

A LADY.

Yes;  
Volcanoes first, then hydras.

A MAID OF HONOR OF MARIA LOUISA.

[*Followed by a servant bringing a tray with large glasses of iced coffee.*]

*Eis-Kaffee?*

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

[*Seated; to a young lady.*]  
Recite some verses, Olga.

GENTZ.

May we have  
Something of Heine's?

SEVERAL VOICES.

Yes!

OLGA.

[*Rising.*]

The Grenadiers?

# L' A I G L O N

METTERNICH.

[*Quickly.*]  
Oh! No!

SCARAMPI.

[*Coming out of MARIA LOUISA'S apartment.*]  
Her Majesty is on her way!

ALL.

Scarampi!

SANDOR.

We'll drive out to Krainerhütten,  
The ladies there can rest upon the green.

METTERNICH.

[*To GENTZ.*]  
What are you reading yonder?

GENTZ.

The "Debats."

LORD COWLEY.

The politics?

GENTZ.

The Theatres.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

How futile!

GENTZ.

Guess what they're playing at the Vaudeville.

METTERNICH.

Well?

GENTZ.

"Bonaparte."

METTERNICH.

[*With indifference.*]

Oh?

GENTZ.

The Nouveautés?

# L' A I G L O N

M E T T E R N I C H .

Well?

G E N T Z .

“Bonaparte.” And the Variétés?  
“Napoleon.” The Luxembourg announces  
“Fourteen years of his life.” At the Gymnase  
They are reviving the “Return from Russia.”  
What is the Gaiety to play this season?  
“Napoleon’s Coachman” and “La Malmaison.”  
An unknown author’s done “Saint Helena.”  
The Porte-Saint-Martin’s going to produce  
“Napoleon.”

L O R D C O W L E Y .

It’s the fashion.

T I B U R T I U S .

It’s the rage.

G E N T Z .

The Ambigu “Murat;” the Cirque “The Emperor.”

S A N D O R .

A fashion.

B O M B E L L E S .

Yes, a fashion.

G E N T Z .

Yes, a fashion

Which will recur from time to time in France.

A L A D Y .

*[Reading the paper over GENTZ’S shoulder through  
a long-handled eye-glass.]*

They want to bring his ashes home.

M E T T E R N I C H .

The Phoenix

May rise again, but not the eagle.



# L' A I G L O N

TIBURTIUS.

What

An unknown quantity is France!

METTERNICH.

Oh, no;

I've gauged it.

A LADY.

Well, then, mighty prophet, speak!

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

His words are graven in bronze.

GENTZ.

Or, maybe, zinc.

LORD COWLEY.

Who will be France's Saviour?

METTERNICH.

Henry the Fifth.

The others—Fashion.

THERESA.

That's a useful name

For calling glory by at times.

METTERNICH.

So long

As all the shouting's only done in theatres,  
I think there's no—

CRIES.

[*Without.*]

Long live Napoleon!

ALL.

What?—Here, at Baden!—Here!

METTERNICH.

Ridiculous!

Pray, have no fear!

# L ' A I G L O N

L O R D C O W L E Y .

We must not lose our heads  
Because a name is shouted.

G E N T Z .

He is dead.

T I B U R T I U S .

[*On the terrace.*]

It's nothing.

M E T T E R N I C H .

Yes, but what?

T I B U R T I U S .

An Austrian soldier.

M E T T E R N I C H .

Austrian?

T I B U R T I U S .

Two of them. I saw them.

M E T T E R N I C H .

Vexing!

M A R I A L O U I S A .

[*Entering hurriedly and pale with fear from her room.*]

Did you not hear the shout? Oh, horrible!

It brought to mind—One day the people surged

About my coach in Parma with that cry!

It's done to vex me!

M E T T E R N I C H .

What could it have meant?

T I B U R T I U S .

Two of the Duke of Reichstadt's regiment

Caught sight of him as he was riding homeward.

•• You know the deep ditch bordering the road?

His Highness wished to leap it, but his horse

Shied, swerved, and backed. The Duke sat firm,

And brought him to it again, and—over! Then

The men, to applaud him, shouted. And that's all.

# L ' A I G L O N

M E T T E R N I C H .

[*To a lackey.*]

Fetch one of them at once!

M A R I A L O U I S A .

They seek my death!

[*An Austrian sergeant is brought in.*]

M E T T E R N I C H .

A sergeant! Now, my man, speak up. What meant  
That shouting?

T H E S E R G E A N T .

I don't know.

M E T T E R N I C H .

What! You don't know?

T H E S E R G E A N T .

No; nor downstairs the corporal don't know neither.  
He shouted with me. It was good to see  
The Prince so young and slender on his horse.  
And then we're proud of having for our Colonel  
The son of—

M E T T E R N I C H .

That'll do.

T H E S E R G E A N T .

He took the ditch

So cool and calm! As pretty as a picture!  
So then a sort of lump came in our throats,  
Pride and affection—I don't know—we shouted  
“Long live—!

M E T T E R N I C H .

Enough, enough! It's just as easy  
To shout “Long live the Duke of Reichstadt,” idiot!

T H E S E R G E A N T .

Well—

# L' A I G L O N

METTERNICH.

What?

THE SERGEANT.

“ Long live the Duke of Reichstadt ”  
Isn't so easy as “ Long live—”

METTERNICH.

Be off.

Don't shout at all!

TIBURTIUS.

[*To the SERGEANT as he passes him to go out.*]  
You fool!

MARIA LOUISA.

[*To the ladies who surround her.*]  
I'm better, thank you.

THERESA.

The Empress!

MARIA LOUISA.

[*To DIETRICHSTEIN, pointing to THERESA.*]  
Baron Dietrichstein, this is  
My new companion-reader.

[*To THERESA, presenting DIETRICHSTEIN.*]  
My son's tutor.

And, by the way, I've never thought of asking—  
Do you read well?

TIBURTIUS.

Oh, very!

THERESA.

I don't know.

MARIA LOUISA.

Take one of Franz's books from yonder table,  
Open it anywhere.

# L ' A I G L O N

T H E R E S A .

[*Taking a book and reading the title.*]

“ Andromache ”—

[*She reads.*]

“ What is this fear, my lord, which strikes the heart?  
Has any Trojan hero slipped his chains?  
Their hate of Hector is not yet appeased:  
They dread his son! fit object of their dread!  
A hapless child, who is not yet aware  
His master's Pyrrhus and his father Hector.”  
[*General embarrassment.*]

I—

G E N T Z .

Charming voice.

M A R I A L O U I S A .

Select another passage.

T H E R E S A .

“ Alas the day, when, prompted by his valor,  
To seek Achilles and to meet his doom,  
He called his son and wrapped him to his heart:  
' Dear wife,' quoth he, and brushed away a tear,  
' I know not what the fates may have in store.  
I leave my son to thee—' ”

[*General embarrassment.*]

H'm—yes—

M A R I A L O U I S A .

Let's try

Some other volume. Take—

T H E R E S A .

The “ Meditations ”?

M A R I A L O U I S A .

I know the author! 'Twill not be so dull.  
He dined with us. [*To SCARAMPL.*] The Diplomat,  
you know.

# L' A I G L O N

T H E R E S A .

[*Reads.*]

“ Never had hymns more strenuous and high  
From seraph lips rung through the listening sky :  
Courage! Oh, fallen child of godlike race—”

T H E D U K E .

[*Who has entered unnoticed.*]

Forgive the interruption, Lamartine!

M A R I A L O U I S A .

Well, Franz? A pleasant ride?

T H E D U K E .

Delightful, mother.

But, Mademoiselle, where did my entrance stop you?

T H E R E S A .

[*Looking at him with emotion.*]

“ Courage! Oh, fallen child of godlike race,  
The glory of your birth is in your face!  
All men who look on you—”

M A R I A L O U I S A .

That's quite sufficient.

T H E A R C H D U C H E S S .

[*To the children.*]

Go, bid good morrow to your cousin.

[*The children run up to the DUKE, who is seated,  
and surround him.*]

S C A R A M P I .

[*To THERESA.*]

Fie!

T H E R E S A .

Why, what?

A L A D Y .

[*Looking at the DUKE.*]

How pale he is!

# L' A I G L O N

A N O T H E R. L A D Y.

He looks half dead!

S C A R A M P I.

[To THERESA.]

You chose such awkward passages.

T H E R E S A.

The book

Fell open by itself. I did not choose.

G E N T Z.

[Who has overheard.]

Books always open where most often read.

T H E R E S A.

[Looking at the DUKE.]

Archdukes upon his knees!

T H E A R C H D U C H E S S.

[Leaning over the back of the DUKE'S chair.]

I am delighted

To see you, Franz. I am your friend.

[She holds out her hand to him.]

T H E D U K E.

[Kissing her hand.]

I know it.

G E N T Z.

[To THERESA.]

What do you think of him? I say he's like  
A cherub who had secretly read "Werther."

T H E L I T T L E G I R L.

[To the DUKE.]

How nice your collar is!

T H E D U K E.

Your Highness flatters.

T H E R E S A.

His collars!

# L' A I G L O N

THE LITTLE BOY.  
No one has such sticks!

THE DUKE.

No. No one.

THERESA.

His sticks!

THE OTHER LITTLE BOY.  
Oh! and your gloves!

THE DUKE.

Superb, my dear.

THE LITTLE GIRL.  
What is your waistcoat made of?

THE DUKE.

That's cashmere.

THERESA.

Oh!

THE ARCHDUCHESS.  
And you wear your nosegay—?

THE DUKE.

Latest fashion:

In the third buttonhole. So glad you noticed.

[*At this moment THERESA bursts into sobs.*]

THE LADIES.  
Eh? What's the matter?

THERESA.

Nothing. I don't know.

Forgive me. I'm alone here—far from friends.

Oh, it was silly!—suddenly—

MARIA LOUISA.

Poor dear!

THERESA.

I held my heart in—



# L ' A I G L O N

MARIA LOUISA.

Tears will do you good.

THE DUKE.

What's this I trod on? Why, a white cockade!

METTERNICH.

H'm!

THE DUKE.

[*To the ATTACHÉ.*]

Yours, no doubt, sir. Favor me: your hat.

[*The ATTACHÉ gives him his hat unwillingly.*

*The DUKE sees the tricolor cockade.*]

Ah!

[*To METTERNICH.*]

I was not aware—but then—the flag?

METTERNICH.

Highness—

THE DUKE.

Is that changed, too?

METTERNICH.

A trivial detail.

THE DUKE.

Nothing.

METTERNICH.

Question of color—

THE DUKE.

Of a shade.

See for yourself. Looked at in certain lights,

I really think this is the more effective. [*He moves a few steps.*]

[*His mother takes him by the arm and leads him to the butterfly-cases, which the DOCTOR, who has come back, has spread out.*]

THE DUKE.

Butterflies?

# L' A I G L O N

MARIA LOUISA.  
You admire the black one?

THE DUKE.

Charming.

THE DOCTOR.  
[The plants it loves are umbelliferous.

THE DUKE.  
It seems to see me with its wings.

THE DOCTOR.  
Those eyes?  
[We call them lunulæ.

THE DUKE.  
Indeed? I'm glad.

THE DOCTOR.  
Are you examining the spotted grey?

THE DUKE.  
No, sir.

THE DOCTOR.  
What then, my lord?

THE DUKE.  
The pin that killed it.

THE DOCTOR.  
[To MARIA LOUISA.]  
No use.

MARIA LOUISA.  
[To SCARAMPI.]  
We'll wait. I count on the effect—

SCARAMPI.  
Ah, yes!—Of our surprise.

GENTZ.  
[Who has approached the DUKE.]  
A sweetmeat?

# L ' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

[*Taking one and tasting it.*]

Perfect.

A flavor of verbena and of pear,  
And something else—wait—yes—

GENTZ.

It's not worth while—

THE DUKE.

What's not worth while?

GENTZ.

To feign an interest.

I'm not so blind as Metternich.

[*He offers him another sweetmeat.*]

A chocolate?

THE DUKE.

What do you see?

GENTZ.

I see a youth who suffers,  
Rather than live a favored prince's life.  
Your soul is still alive, but here at court  
They'll lull it fast asleep with love and music.  
I had a soul once, like the rest of the world;  
But—! And I wither, decently obscene—  
Till some day, in the cause of liberty,  
One of those rash young fools of the University  
Amid my sweetmeats, perfumes, and dishonor  
Slays me as Kotzebue was slain by Sand.  
Yes, I'm afraid—do try a sugared raisin—  
That I shall perish at his hand.

THE DUKE.

You will.

GENTZ.

What?—How?

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.  
A youth will slay you.

GENTZ.

But—

THE DUKE.  
A youth of your acquaintance.

GENTZ.

Sir—?

THE DUKE.

His name

Is Frederick. 'Tis the youth you were yourself.  
For now he's risen again in you; and since  
He whispers in your ear like dull remorse,  
All's over with you: he will show no mercy.

GENTZ.

'Tis true, my youth cuts like a knife within me.  
Ah, well I knew that gaze had not deceived me!  
'Tis that of one who ponders upon Empire.

THE DUKE.

I do not understand, sir, what you mean.

*[He moves away.]*

METTERNICH.

*[To GENTZ.]*

You've had a chat with—?

GENTZ.

Yes.

METTERNICH.

Delightful?

GENTZ.

Very.

METTERNICH.

He's in the hollow of my hand.

# L' A I G L O N

GENTZ.

Entirely.

THE DUKE.

[*Stopping before* THERESA.]

Why did you weep?

THERESA.

Because, my Lord—

THE DUKE.

Ah, no!

I know. But do not weep.

METTERNICH.

[*Bowing to the* DUKE.]

I take my leave.

[*He goes out with the* ATTACHÉ.]

THE DUKE.

[*To* MARIA LOUISA *and* DIETRICHSTEIN, *who are turning over some papers on his table.*]

Examining my work?

DIETRICHSTEIN.

It's excellent.

But why on purpose make mistakes in German?

Pure mischief!

MARIA LOUISA.

Oh! and at your age, mischief!

THE DUKE.

How can I help it? I am not an eagle.

DIETRICHSTEIN.

You still make France a noun of feminine gender.

THE DUKE.

I never know what's *der* or *die* or *das*.

DIETRICHSTEIN.

In this case neuter is correct.

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

But mean.

I don't much care about a neuter France.

MARIA LOUISA.

[*To THALBERG, who is playing softly on the piano.*]

My son detests all music.

THE DUKE.

I detest it.

LORD COWLEY.

[*Coming toward the DUKE.*]

Highness—

DIETRICHSTEIN.

[*Aside to the DUKE.*]

A pleasant word.

THE DUKE.

Eh?

DIETRICHSTEIN.

The English

Ambassador.

LORD COWLEY.

Where had you been just now

When you came galloping and out of breath?

THE DUKE.

I? To Saint Helena.

LORD COWLEY.

I beg your pardon?

THE DUKE.

A wholesome, leafy nook. So gay!—At evening  
Delightful. I should like to see you there.

GENTZ.

[*Hastily to the AMBASSADOR, while the DUKE moves away.*]

They call the village in the Helenenthal  
Saint Helena. A fashionable stroll.

# L' A I G L O N

L O R D C O W L E Y .

Ah, really? I was almost wondering  
Whether he meant it as a hit—?

[*He turns away.*]

G E N T Z .

[*Lifting his hands in amazement at LORD COWLEY'S  
dulness.*]

These English!

V O I C E S .

We're off!

T H E A R C H D U C H E S S .

[*To MARIA LOUISA.*]

Louisa?

M A R I A L O U I S A .

No, I stay at home.

V O I C E S .

The carriages.

T H E A R C H D U C H E S S .

[*To the DUKE.*]

And you, Franz?

M A R I A L O U I S A .

He hates nature.

He even gallops through Saint Helena.

T H E D U K E .

Yes! I gallop!

[*General leave-taking and gradual departure.*]

M A R I A L O U I S A .

So devoid of fancy!

M O N T E N E G R O .

[*Going.*]

I know a place for supper where the cider—

C R I E S .

[*Without.*]

Good-bye! Good-bye!

# L' A I G L O N

GENTZ.

[*On the terrace.*]

Don't talk about the hydra!

THERESA.

[*To TIBURTIUS.*]

Brother, good-bye!

TIBURTIUS.

Good-by.

[*He goes out with BOMBELLES.*]

MARIA LOUISA.

[*To the Maids of Honor, indicating THERESA.*]

Show her her rooms.

[*THERESA goes out accompanied by the Maids of Honor. MARIA LOUISA calls the Duke; who was going toward the garden.*]

MARIA LOUISA.

Franz!

[*He turns.*]

Now I'm going to amuse you.

THE DUKE.

Really?

[*SCARAMPI carefully closes all the doors.*]

MARIA LOUISA.

Hush!—I've conspired!

THE DUKE.

Mother! You!—Conspired!

MARIA LOUISA.

Hush! They've forbidden whatever comes from France—

But I have ordered secretly from Paris,  
From the best houses—Oh! my fop shall smile!—



# L' A I G L O N

For you, a tailor,

[*Pointing to SCARAMPI.*]

and for us, a fitter.

I really think the notion—

THE DUKE.

Exquisite!

SCARAMPI.

[*Opening the door of MARIA LOUISA'S apartment.*]

Come in!

[*Enter a young lady, dressed with the elegance of a milliner's dummy, and carrying two great card-board dress-boxes, and a young man dressed like a fashion plate, who also carries two big boxes.*]

THE TAILOR.

[*Coming down to the DUKE, while the young lady unpacks the dresses on a sofa at the back.*]

If you will favor me, my Lord—

I've here some charming novelties. My clients

Are good enough to trust my taste: I guide them.

The neck-cloths first. A languid violet;

A serious brown. Bandannas are much worn.

I note with pleasure that your Highness knows

The delicate art of building up a stock.

Here's a check pattern makes an elegant knot.

How does this waistcoat strike your Lordship's fancy,

Down which meander wreaths of blossoms?

THE DUKE.

Hideous!

THE TAILOR.

Will these, I wonder, leave your Highness cold?

Here's doeskin. Here a genuine Scottish tweed.

Bottle-green riding-coat with narrow cuffs;

Extremely gentlemanly. Here's a waistcoat:

# L' A I G L O N

Six-buttoned. Three left open. Very tasty.  
Now, what about this blue frock-coat? We've rubbed  
The newness off artistically. Worn  
With salt and pepper trousers, what a picture!  
We'll throw aside this heavy yellow stuff—  
Can Hamlet wear the clumsy clouts of Falstaff?—  
We'll pass to mantles, Prince. A splendid plaid,  
Demi-collar with simili-sleeves behind.  
Eccentric? Granted.—This, called the *Roulière*:  
Sober, a large, Hidalgo-like effect;  
The very thing to woo a Doña Sol in.  
Excellent workmanship; a silver chain; the collar  
Of finest sable; made in our own workshops;  
Simple, but what a cut! The cut is everything.

MARIA LOUISA.

The Duke is weary of your chatter.

THE DUKE.

No.

He sets me dreaming. I'm not used to it.  
For when my tailor from Vienna comes  
I never hear these bright, descriptive words;  
And so this wealth of curious adjectives  
And all that seems to you mere vulgar chatter,  
Has moved me—stirred me. Let him be, dear mother.

MARIA LOUISA.

[*Going to the fitter.*]

We'll look at ours. Shoulder of mutton sleeves?

THE FITTER.

Always.

THE TAILOR.

[*Displaying a pattern.*]

This cloth is called Marengo.

THE DUKE.

What?

Marengo?

# L' A I G L O N

THE TAILOR.

Yes; it wears uncommon well.

THE DUKE.

So I should think. Marengo lasts forever.

THE TAILOR.

Your Highness orders—?

THE DUKE.

I have need of nothing.

THE TAILOR.

One always needs a perfect-fitting coat.

THE DUKE.

I might invent—

THE TAILOR.

To suit your personal taste?

O client, soar to fancy's wildest heights!

Speak! We will follow! That's our special line;

Why, we are Monsieur Théophile Gautier's tailors.

THE DUKE.

Let's see—

THE FITTER.

A Panama with muslin trimmings—

That's not the sort of hat for everybody.

THE DUKE.

Could you make—

THE TAILOR.

Anything.

THE DUKE.

A—

THE TAILOR.

What you choose!

THE DUKE.

A coat?

# L' A I G L O N

THE TAILOR.

Assuredly.

THE DUKE.

Of broadcloth. Yes

But now the texture? Simple?

THE TAILOR.

Certainly.

THE DUKE.

And then the color. What do you say to green?

THE TAILOR.

Green's capital.

THE DUKE.

A little coat of green.

With glimpses of the waistcoat?

THE TAILOR.

Coat wide open!

THE DUKE.

Then, to give color when the wearer moves,  
The skirts are lined with scarlet.

THE TAILOR.

Scarlet!

Oh, ravishing.

THE DUKE.

Well, but about the waistcoat.

How do you see the waistcoat?

THE TAILOR.

Shall we say—?

THE DUKE.

The waistcoat's white.

THE TAILOR.

What taste!

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

And then I think

Knee breeches.

THE TAILOR.

Ah!

THE DUKE.

Yes.

THE TAILOR.

Any color?

THE DUKE.

No.

I rather think I see them white cashmere.

THE TAILOR.

Well, after all, white is the more becoming.

THE DUKE.

The buttons are engraved.

THE TAILOR.

That's not good style.

THE DUKE.

Yes; something—nothing—merely little eagles.

THE TAILOR.

Eagles!

THE DUKE.

Well? What are you afraid of, sir?

And wherefore does your hand shake, master tailor?

What is there strange about the suit of clothes?

Do you no longer boast your skill to make it?

THE FITTER.

Coalscuttle bonnet neatly trimmed with poppies.

THE DUKE.

Take home your latest fashions and your patterns;

That little suit's the only one I want.

# L' A I G L O N

THE TAILOR.

But I—

THE DUKE.

'Tis well. Begone, and be discreet.

THE TAILOR.

Yet—

THE DUKE.

'Twould not fit me.

THE TAILOR.

It would fit you.

THE DUKE.

What!

THE TAILOR.

It would fit you well.

THE DUKE.

You're very bold, sir!

THE TAILOR.

And I'm empowered to take your order for it.

THE DUKE.

Ah!

THE TAILOR.

Yes!

THE FITTER.

A flowing cloak of China crape;  
Embroidered lining with enormous sleeves.

THE DUKE.

Indeed?

THE TAILOR.

Yes, Highness.

THE DUKE.

A conspirator?

Now I no longer wonder you cite Shakespeare!

# L ' A I G L O N

THE TAILOR.

The little coat of green holds in its thrall  
Deputies, schools, a Peer, and a Field Marshal.

THE FITTER.

Spencer of figured muslin. Satin skirt.

THE TAILOR.

We can arrange your flight.

THE DUKE.

Should I agree  
I must beforehand—ay, and there's the rub—  
Consult my friend Prince Metternich.

THE TAILOR.

You'll trust us  
When you are told our leader is your cousin  
The Countess Camerata.

THE DUKE.

Ah, I know!  
The daughter of Elisa Baciocchi.

THE TAILOR.

The strange, unarmored amazon, who bears  
Her father's likeness proudly in her face,  
Seeks dangers, rides unbroken horses, fences—

THE FITTER.

A little sleeveless gown of lightest muslin.

THE TAILOR.

And when you know it's this Penthesilea—

THE FITTER.

The collar's only pinned, the shoulders basted—

THE TAILOR.

Who heads the plot I spoke of—

THE DUKE.

Give me proof!

# L' A I G L O N

THE TAILOR.

Turn round, your Highness; glance at the young person

Who on her knees unpacks the clothes.

THE DUKE.

'Tis she!

Not long ago I met her in Vienna,  
Wrapped in a cloak. She swiftly kissed my hand  
And fled, exclaiming, Haven't I the right  
To greet the Emperor's son who is my master?  
She is a Bonaparte! We are alike!—  
Ay, but her hair is dark; not fair like mine.

MARIA LOUISA.

We'll try them on in there. Come, follow me.  
Only Parisians, Franz, know how to fit us.

THE DUKE.

Yes, mother.

MARIA LOUISA.

Don't you love Parisian taste?

THE DUKE.

It's very true they dress you well in Paris.

[MARIA LOUISA, SCARAMPI, and the FITTER go  
into MARIA LOUISA'S apartment with the things  
they are to try on.]

THE DUKE.

Now! Who are you, sir?

THE TAILOR.

I? A nameless atom.

Weary of life in mean and paltry times,  
Of smoking pipes and dreaming of ideals.  
Who am I? How do I know? That's my trouble.  
Am I at all?—It's very hard to "be."  
I study Victor Hugo; spout his odes—



# L' A I G L O N

I tell you this, because this sort of thing  
Is all contemporary youth. I spend  
Extravagant fortunes in acquiring boredom.  
I am an artist, Highness, and Young France.  
Also I'm carbonaro at your service.  
And as I'm always bored I wear red waistcoats,  
And that amuses me. At tying neck-cloths  
I once was very good indeed. That's why  
They sent me here to-day to play the tailor.  
I'll add, to make the picture quite complete,  
That I'm a liberal and a king-devourer.  
My life and dagger are at your command.

THE DUKE.

I like you, sir, although your talk is crazy.

THE YOUNG MAN.

You must not judge me by my whirling words;  
The itch of notoriety consumes me,  
But the disease beneath is very real,  
And makes me seek forgetfulness in danger.

THE DUKE.

Disease?

THE YOUNG MAN.

A shuddering disgust.

THE DUKE.

Your soul  
Heavy with foiled ambitions?

THE YOUNG MAN.

Dull disquiet—

THE DUKE.

Morbid enjoyment of our sufferings,  
And pride in showing off our pallid brows?

THE YOUNG MAN.

My Lord!

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

Contempt for those who live content?

THE YOUNG MAN.

My Lord!

THE DUKE.

And doubt?

THE YOUNG MAN.

In what mysterious volume

Has one so young learnt all the human heart?

For that is what I feel.

THE DUKE.

Give me your hand!

For, as a sapling, friend, which is transplanted,

Feels all the forest in its ignorant veins,

And suffers when its distant mates are hurt,

So I, who knew you not, here, all alone,

Felt the distemper stirring in my blood

Which at this moment blights the youth of France.

THE YOUNG MAN.

Rather I think our malady is yours,

For whence upon you falls this giant robe?

Child, whom beforehand they have robbed of glory,

Pale Prince, so pale against your sable suit,

Why are you pale, my Prince?

THE DUKE.

I am his son.

THE YOUNG MAN.

Well! Feeble, feverish, dreaming of the past,

Like you rebellious, what is left to do?—

• We're all, to some extent, your father's sons.

THE DUKE.

You are his soldiers' sons: that's just as glorious.

And 'tis no less redoubtable a burden;

But it emboldens me, for I can say

# L' A I G L O N

They're but the sons of heroes of the empire :  
They'll be content to take the Emperor's son!

THE COUNTESS CAMERATA.

[*Coming out of MARIA LOUISA'S apartments.*]

The scarf!—Oh, hush! I'm doing such a trade!

THE DUKE.

Thank you!

THE COUNTESS.

I only wish 'twere selling swords!  
That silly baby-talk will be my death.

THE DUKE.

Warlike, I know.

A VOICE.

[*Within.*]

The scarf!

THE COUNTESS.

I'm looking for it!

THE DUKE.

It seems this little hand can tame—

THE COUNTESS.

I love

A fiery horse.

THE DUKE.

You're mistress of the foils?

THE COUNTESS.

And of the sword!

THE DUKE.

Ready for anything?

THE COUNTESS.

[*Speaking toward the room.*]

Indeed, I'm looking for it everywhere.

[*To the DUKE.*]

Ready for anything for your Imperial Highness.

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

You're lion-hearted, Cousin!

THE COUNTESS.

And my name

Is glorious.

THE DUKE.

Which name?

THE COUNTESS.

Napoleone!

SCARAMPI'S VOICE.

[*Within.*]

Well? Can't you find it?

THE COUNTESS.

No.

A VOICE.

Look on the piano.

THE COUNTESS.

I must be off. Discuss our great design.

[*With a cry, as if she had found what she was looking for.*]

Ah! here it is!

THE VOICE.

You've found it?

THE COUNTESS.

On the harp.

You understand, it's gathered up in folds—

[*She goes into MARIA LOUISA'S room.*]

THE YOUNG MAN.

Well? You accept?

THE DUKE.

I don't quite understand

Zealous Imperialism from a liberal—

# L' A I G L O N

THE YOUNG MAN.

True: a republican—

THE DUKE.

You come to me

Rather a long way round—

THE YOUNG MAN.

All roads to-day

Lead to the King of Rome. My scarlet badge

I thought unfading—

THE DUKE.

Faded in the sun?

THE YOUNG MAN.

Of Austerlitz! Yes! History makes us drunk.

The battles which no more are fought, are told.

The blood is vanished, but the glory gleams,

So that to-day there is no he but *HE!*

He never won such victories as now:

His soldiers perished, but his poets live.

THE DUKE.

In short—

THE YOUNG MAN.

In short the huckstering times; the god

They exiled; you, your touching fate, our weariness,

And everything—I said—

THE DUKE.

You said as artist

'Twould be effective to be Bonapartist!

THE YOUNG MAN.

So you accept?

THE DUKE.

No.

THE YOUNG MAN.

What?

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

I listened well,  
And you were charming as you spoke, but nothing,  
No quiver of your voice, told me of France;  
You voiced a craze, a form of literature.

THE YOUNG MAN.

I've carried out my mission clumsily;  
Could but the Countess yonder speak!

THE DUKE.

No use.

I love the bravery glowing in her eyes,  
But that's not France: that is my Family!  
When next you seek me, later, by and by,  
Let the call come through some untutored voice,  
Wherein rough accents of the people throb;  
Your Byronism is much too like myself.  
You could not have persuaded me to-night—  
I feel myself unready for the crown.

THE COUNTESS.

[*Coming out of MARIA LOUISA'S apartment.*]

Unready? You?

[*She turns toward the room.*]

Don't trouble; I'm just going.  
And for the ball the white one, not the mauve.

[*Coming hastily toward the DUKE.*]

Unready? What do you want?

THE DUKE.

A year of dreams,

• Of study.

THE COUNTESS.

Come and reign.

THE DUKE.

My brain's not ripe.

# L' A I G L O N

THE COUNTESS.

The crown's enough to ripen any brain.

THE DUKE.

The crown of light, shed by the midnight lamp.

THE YOUNG MAN.

It's such a chance!

THE DUKE.

I beg your pardon? "Chance"?  
Is this the tailor reappearing?

THE COUNTESS.

Yet—

THE DUKE.

I will be honest in default of genius.  
I only ask three hundred wakeful nights.

THE YOUNG MAN.

But this refusal will confirm the rumors.

THE COUNTESS.

They say you've never really been of us.

THE YOUNG MAN.

You are Young France: you're called Old Austria.

THE COUNTESS.

They say your mind is being weakened.

THE YOUNG MAN.

Yes!

They say you're cheated, even in your studies.

THE COUNTESS.

They say you do not know your father's history.

THE DUKE.

Do they say that?

THE YOUNG MAN.

What shall we answer them?

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

Answer them thus—

[Enter DIETRICHSTEIN.]

Dear Count!

DIETRICHSTEIN.

'Tis Obenaus.

THE DUKE.

Ah! for my history lesson! Let him come.

[DIETRICHSTEIN goes out. The DUKE points to the clothes scattered about.]

Spend as much time as possible in packing,  
And try to get forgotten in your corner.

[Seeing DIETRICHSTEIN come in with BARON VON OBEN-  
AUS.]

Good-day, dear Baron.

[Carelessly to the YOUNG MAN and the COUN-  
TESS, pointing to the screen.]

Finish over there.

[To OBEN-  
AUS.]

My tailor.

OBEN-  
AUS.

Ah?

THE DUKE.

My mother's fitter.

OBEN-  
AUS.

Yes?

THE DUKE.

Will they disturb you?

OBEN-  
AUS.

[Who has seated himself behind the table with DIET-  
RICHSTEIN.]

Not at all, my Lord.



# L ' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

[*Who sits facing them, sharpening a pencil.*]

I'm all attention. Let me sharpen this

To note a date, or jot down an idea.

O B E N A U S .

We'll take our work up where we last left off.

Eighteen hundred and five, I think?

THE DUKE.

[*Busy with his pencil.*]

Exactly.

O B E N A U S .

In eighteen hundred and six—

THE DUKE.

Did no event

Make that year memorable?

O B E N A U S .

Which, my Lord?

THE DUKE.

[*Blowing the dust off the pencil.*]

Why, eighteen hundred and five.

O B E N A U S .

I beg your pardon.

I thought you meant—h'm—Destiny

Was cruel to the righteous cause. We'll cast

Only a fleeting glance at hapless hours.

When the philosopher with pensive gaze—

THE DUKE.

And so in eighteen five, sir, nothing happened?

O B E N A U S .

A great event, my Lord! I had forgotten.

The restoration of the Calendar.

A little later, having challenged England,

Spain—

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

[*Demurely.*]

And the Emperor?

O B E N A U S .

Which Emp—?

THE DUKE.

My father.

O B E N A U S .

He—he—

THE DUKE.

Had he not left Boulogne?

O B E N A U S .

Oh, yes.

THE DUKE.

Where was he, then?

O B E N A U S .

Well, as it happened, here.

THE DUKE.

[*With mock amazement.*]

Indeed?

DIETRICHSTEIN.

[*Hastily.*]

He took great interest in Bavaria!

O B E N A U S .

Your father's wishes in the Pressburg Treaty,  
As far as that went, chimed with those of Austria.

THE DUKE.

What was the Pressburg Treaty?

O B E N A U S .

The agreement

Which closed an era.

THE DUKE.

There! I've smashed my point!

# L' A I G L O N

O B E N A U S .

In eighteen hundred and seven—

T H E D U K E .

So soon? How quick!  
Strange epoch! Nothing happened in it!

O B E N A U S .

Yes.

For instance, take the House of the Braganzas:  
The King—

T H E D U K E .

The Emperor, sir?

O B E N A U S .

Which Emp—?

T H E D U K E .

Of France.

O B E N A U S .

Nothing of any consequence till eighteen-eight.  
Yet let us note the Treaty of Tilsit.

T H E D U K E .

Was nothing done but making treaties?

O B E N A U S .

Europe—

T H E D U K E .

I see. A general survey?

O B E N A U S .

I'll come to details

When we've—

T H E D U K E .

Did nothing happen?

O B E N A U S .

Well—

T H E D U K E .

Well, what?

# L' AIGLON

O B E N A U S .

I—

T H E D U K E .

What? What happened? Won't you tell me?

O B E N A U S .

Well—

I hardly know—you're in a merry humor—

T H E D U K E .

You hardly know? Then, gentlemen, I'll tell you!  
The sixth October, eighteen-five—

O B E N A U S *and* D I E T R I C H S T E I N .

[*Leaping to their feet.*]

Eh? What?

T H E D U K E .

When he was least expected, when Vienna,  
Watching the Eagle hover ere he swooped,  
Sighed with relief, The blow is aimed at London!  
Having left Strassburg, crossed the Rhine at Kehl,  
The Emperor—

O B E N A U S .

Emperor!

T H E D U K E .

Yes! and you know which!

Marches through Würtemberg, marches through Baden—

D I E T R I C H S T E I N .

Great Heavens!

T H E D U K E .

Gives Austria a morning song,  
With drums by Soult, and trumpets by Murat!  
At Wertingen and Augsburg leaves his Marshals  
With here and there a victory to play with—

O B E N A U S .

My Lord!

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

Pursues with wonderful manœuvres,  
Arrives at Ulm before he's changed his boots,  
Bids Ney take Elchingen, sits down and writes  
A joyous, terrible, and calm despatch,  
Prepares the assault:—the seventeenth October  
Sees seven thousand Austrians disarmed,  
And eighteen generals at the hero's feet;  
And then he starts again!

DIETRICHSTEIN.

My Lord!

THE DUKE.

November  
Finds him at Schönbrunn, sleeping in my bedroom.

O B E N A U S .

But—!

THE DUKE.

He pursues! his foes are in his hand!  
One night he says "To-morrow!" and to-morrow  
Says, galloping along the bannered front—  
A spot of grey among his brilliant staff—  
"Soldiers, we'll finish with a thunderbolt!"  
The army is an ocean. He awaits  
The rising sun, and places with a smile  
This risen sun athwart his history!

O B E N A U S .

Oh, Dietrichstein!

THE DUKE:

So there!

DIETRICHSTEIN.

Oh, Obenaus!

THE DUKE.

Terror and death! Two Emperors beaten by one!  
And twenty thousand prisoners!

# L' A I G L O N

O B E N A U S .

I beseech you!

People might hear!

T H E D U K E .

When the campaign was over—  
The corpses floating on the freezing lake—  
My Grandsire seeks my Father in his camp!

O B E N A U S .

My Lord!

T H E D U K E .

His *camp!*

O B E N A U S .

Will nothing keep you quiet?

T H E D U K E .

And so my Father grants my Grandsire peace!

D I E T R I C H S T E I N .

If any heard you!

T H E D U K E .

And the conquered banners  
Distributed! Eight to the town of Paris—

*[The COUNTESS and the YOUNG MAN have gradually come out, pale and excited, from behind the screen. They listen to the DUKE with increasing emotion, and suddenly the boxes they are carrying slip from their hands.]*

O B E N A U S .

*[Turning and seeing them.]*

Oh!

T H E D U K E .

The Senate fifty!

O B E N A U S .

Look! The man and woman!

# L' AIGLON

DIETRICHSTEIN.

Be off with you!

THE DUKE.

Fifty to Notre Dame!

OBENAUUS.

Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!

THE DUKE.

And banners!

DIETRICHSTEIN.

Take your things!

[*He pushes them out.*]

Be off! Be off!

THE DUKE.

And banners! And still banners!

[*THE COUNTESS and THE YOUNG MAN go.*]

DIETRICHSTEIN.

They heard it all!

THE DUKE.

And banners!

DIETRICHSTEIN.

What a business!

My Lord!

THE DUKE.

I'm dumb!

DIETRICHSTEIN.

A little late, my Lord!

What will Prince Metternich—? These people here!

THE DUKE.

Moreover, that's as far as I have got.

My dear professor—

[*He coughs.*]

# L' A I G L O N

DIETRICHSTEIN.

Oh, you're coughing! Water!

THE DUKE.

I've made good progress with my history?

DIETRICHSTEIN.

And yet no books come near you! That I'm sure of!

OBENAUS.

When Metternich discovers—

THE DUKE.

You won't tell him!

The blame would fall on you.

DIETRICHSTEIN.

We'd best keep still,

And ask his mother to expostulate.

[*He knocks at MARIA LOUISA'S door.*]

The Duchess—?

SCARAMPI.

[*Appearing.*]

She is ready. You may come.

[*DIETRICHSTEIN goes in.*]

THE DUKE.

[*Mockingly, to OBENAUS.*]

Your course, *Ad usum*, sir, *Delphini*, sir,

Is finished, sir!

OBENAUS.

I can't think how you learnt—!

[*MARIA LOUISA comes in in great agitation, in a superb ball-dress, and with her cloak on. OBENAUS and DIETRICHSTEIN go out quietly.*]

MARIA LOUISA.

Oh Heavens! what is't again? What must I hear?

Perhaps you will explain—



# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

[*Showing her the open window.*]

My mother, look,  
The day is hushed, but for belated birds.  
Oh, with what tenderness the gloaming fades!  
The trees—

MARIA LOUISA.

What, you! Can you feel nature's beauty?

THE DUKE.

Perhaps.

MARIA LOUISA.

Perhaps you will explain—

THE DUKE.

Oh, mother,  
Inhale the perfume. All the forest floats  
Into the chamber on its breath!

MARIA LOUISA.

Explain!

THE DUKE.

With every gust a branch is wafted in!  
A fairer miracle than that which scared  
Macbeth; the forest is not walking only,  
Not like a mad thing walking; lo! on wings  
The scented evening sets the forest flying!

MARIA LOUISA.

What! You can be poetical!

THE DUKE.

At times.

[*Distant music is heard.*]

Listen! A waltz. An ordinary waltz;  
Yet distance gives it dignity. Who knows?  
Journeying through the woods the master haunted,  
Under the cyclamen, among the bracken,  
It may have chanced upon Beethoven's soul!

# L' A I G L O N

MARIA LOUISA.

What! Musical as well!

THE DUKE.

Yes; when I choose.

I do not choose! I hate the mystery  
Of sounds! And in a lovely sunset, feel  
With dread some fair thing growing soft within me!

MARIA LOUISA.

That fair thing in your heart, my son, is I!

THE DUKE.

You said it.

MARIA LOUISA.

Do you hate it?

THE DUKE.

I love *you*.

MARIA LOUISA.

Then think a little ere you do me harm.  
My father and Prince Metternich are so good!  
When the decree, for instance, made you Count,  
I said, Not Count; Duke at the least; for Duke  
Is something. And you're Duke of Reichstadt.

THE DUKE.

Lord of Gross-Bohen, Buchtiehrad, Tirnowan,  
Schwaden, Kron-Porsitschan—

MARIA LOUISA.

And then, the tact!

Your father's name was never mentioned once!

THE DUKE.

Why not have called me "Son of unknown Father"?

MARIA LOUISA.

With your estates and revenues you can be  
The pleasantest and richest Prince of Austria.

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

The richest Prince?

MARIA LOUISA.

And pleasantest—

THE DUKE.

Of—Austria!

MARIA LOUISA.

Enjoy your happiness.

THE DUKE.

I drain its lees.

MARIA LOUISA.

First in precedence after the Archdukes,  
Some day you'll marry with a fair Princess,  
Or an Archduchess, or perhaps a—

THE DUKE.

Ever

I see what once my childish eyes caught sight of:  
His little throne, whose back was like a drum,  
And, made of gold, more splendid since Saint Helena.  
Upon that back the simple little N,  
The letter which cries No to time!

MARIA LOUISA.

But—

THE DUKE.

Yes!

The N with which he branded Kings!

MARIA LOUISA.

The Kings

Whose blood runs through your mother's veins and  
yours!

THE DUKE.

I do not need their blood! What use to me?

# L' A I G L O N

MARIA LOUISA.

A glorious heritage!

THE DUKE.

Oh, paltry!

MARIA LOUISA.

What!

Not proud to bear the blood of Charles the Fifth?

THE DUKE.

No! for it courses in the veins of others!

But when I tell myself I bear in mine

A Corsican Lieutenant's blood, I weep

To see the thin blue trickle at my wrist.

MARIA LOUISA.

Franz!

THE DUKE.

And the old blood can but harm the new.

If I bear blood of Kings, let me be bled.

MARIA LOUISA.

Silence!

THE DUKE.

What am I saying, after all?

If ever I had yours long since I've lost it.

His blood and yours have fought in me, and yours

Was put to flight, as usual, by the other.

MARIA LOUISA.

Peace, Duke of Reichstadt!

THE DUKE.

Metternich, the fool,

Thought to scrawl "Duke of Reichstadt" o'er my name,

But hold the paper up before the sun:

You'll see "Napoleon" in the watermark!

MARIA LOUISA.

My son!

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

You called me Duke of Reichstadt? No!  
But would you have my veritable name?  
'Tis what the people call me in the Prater  
As they make way: The Little Bonaparte!  
I am his son! and no one's son but his!

MARIA LOUISA.

You hurt me.

THE DUKE.

Ah, forgive me, mother, mother.  
Go to the ball, forget my frenzied words.  
You need not even trouble to repeat them  
To Metternich, my mother.

MARIA LOUISA.

Do you think so?

THE DUKE.

Softly the waltz floats through the evening air;  
No, tell him nothing; that will save you trouble.  
Forget it all: you, who forget so quickly!

MARIA LOUISA.

Yet—

THE DUKE.

Think of Parma, of the Sala palace,  
And of your happy life. Is this a brow  
To bear the shadow of an eagle's wing?  
Ah! but I love you more than you can think!  
And take no heed of aught—not even—O gods!—  
Of being faithful: I'll be that for both.  
Come, let me thrust you gently toward the ball;  
Good-night. The mosses must not wet your feet.  
Your headdress is perfection.

MARIA LOUISA.

Do you think so?

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

The carriage waits. It's fine. The night is clear.  
Good-night, Mamma; enjoy yourself.

[MARIA LOUISA goes out. THE DUKE sinks in a  
chair before his table.]

Alas,

Poor mother!

[His manner changes, and he draws books and  
papers toward him.]

Now! to work!

[The wheels of a departing carriage are heard.  
The door at the back opens gently and GENTZ  
is seen introducing a woman wrapped in a  
cloak.]

GENTZ.

She's gone!

[He calls the PRINCE.]

Prince!

THE DUKE.

[Turning and seeing him.]

Fanny?

FANNY ELSSLER.

Franz!

GENTZ.

[Aside.]

Farewell to dreams of Empire!

FANNY.

[In the DUKE'S arms.]

Franz!

GENTZ.

[Going out.]

Capital!

# L' A I G L O N

FANNY.

[*Lovingly.*]

My Franz!

[*The door closes on GENTZ. FANNY quickly leaves the DUKE and speaks respectfully after making a profound curtsey.*]

My Lord!

THE DUKE.

[*After looking round to assure himself GENTZ is gone.*]

To work!

FANNY.

[*Swinging herself on to the table.*]

I've learnt whole chapters for to-day!

THE DUKE.

Go on.

FANNY.

So, then, while Marshal Ney marched through the night,

The Generals Gazan—

THE DUKE.

[*Learning the names by heart.*]

Gazan—

FANNY.

Suchet—

THE DUKE.

Suchet—

FANNY.

Kept up a lively cannonade ;  
And at the earliest dawn the Imperial Guard—

CURTAIN.









## THE SECOND ACT

*The DUKE'S cabinet at Schönbrunn. It is the famous Lacquered Chamber. At the back is a window opening on a balcony. In the distance, at the end of a beautiful avenue, the "Gloriette," a Corinthian Portico. There are two doors on the left, and two on the right. Between these doors stand two large Louis XV. consoles. There is a large writing-table and other furniture in the styles of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. In the right-hand corner in front stands a large swinging mirror, with its back to the audience.*

*At the rise of the curtain SEDLNIZKY (the Prefect of the Police), the USHER, and a number of LACKEYS are discovered.*

SEDLNIZKY.

THAT'S all?

FIRST LACKEY.

That's all.

SEDLNIZKY.

Nothing abnormal?

SECOND LACKEY.

Nothing.

THIRD LACKEY.

Eats little.

FOURTH LACKEY.

Reads a lot.

# L' A I G L O N

FIFTH LACKEY.

Sleeps very badly.

SEDLNIZKY.

[*To the USHER.*]

And can you trust his personal attendants?

THE USHER.

Why, they are all professional policemen,  
As you, the Prefect of Police, must know.

SEDLNIZKY.

Thank you. I fear the Duke may find me here.

FIRST LACKEY.

No, sir; he's out.

SECOND LACKEY.

As usual at this hour.

THIRD LACKEY.

In uniform.

FOURTH LACKEY.

And with his Aides-de-Camp.

THE USHER.

There are manœuvres.

SEDLNIZKY.

Well, be keen and tactful.

Let him not know he's watched.

THE USHER.

I'm very cunning.

SEDLNIZKY.

Not too much zeal! I dread a zealous man.  
Don't listen at his keyhole in a crowd.

THE USHER.

I've given that duty to a special man.

SEDLNIZKY.

To whom?

THE USHER.

The Piedmontese.

# L' A I G L O N

SEDLNIZKY.

Ah yes; he's clever.

THE USHER.

I place him every evening in this chamber  
Immediately his Highness seeks his room.

SEDLNIZKY.

Is he here now?

THE USHER.

No. As he wakes all night  
He sleeps by daytime, while the Duke is out.  
He'll be here when the Duke is.

SEDLNIZKY.

Let him watch.

THE USHER.

Trust me.

SEDLNIZKY.

*[Glancing at the table.]*

The papers—?

THE USHER.

*[With a smile.]*

Searched.

SEDLNIZKY.

*[Stooping under the table.]*

The basket, too?

*[Seeing scraps of paper under the table, he hastily  
kneels to examine them.]*

These scraps?

*[He tries to read.]*

Perhaps a letter?

*[Urged by professional curiosity he creeps under  
the table.]*

But from whom?

*[The DUKE enters in the uniform of an Austrian  
officer, followed by his Staff. The LACKEYS  
hurriedly range themselves.]*

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

[*Seeing SEDLNIZKY'S legs protruding from under the table; very simply.*]

Why, how are you, Sedlnizky?

SEDLNIZKY.

[*Emerging amazed on all fours.*]

Highness!

THE DUKE.

An accident. Excuse me. Just come in.

SEDLNIZKY.

[*Standing.*]

You knew me? Yet I was—

THE DUKE.

Flat on your stomach?

Oh yes, I knew you.

[*He sees the ARCHDUCHESS, who enters hurriedly carrying a large album.*]

Ah, I feared as much!

They've frightened you.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

They told me—

THE DUKE.

It was nothing.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

But yet—

THE DUKE.

[*Seeing DOCTOR Malfatti enter.*]

The doctor! But I am not ill!

[*To the ARCHDUCHESS.*]

Nothing. A choking. So I left parade.

I had been shouting.

[*To the DOCTOR, who is feeling his pulse.*]

Doctor, you're a nuisance!

[*To SEDLNIZKY, who is sidling toward the door.*]

'Twas very kind of you to sort my papers.

# L ' A I G L O N

You're spoiling me. Indeed you are. You've chosen  
Even my lackeys from among your friends.

SEDLNIZKY.

Your Highness does not think—!

THE DUKE.

I shouldn't mind

If only they performed their duties better.  
But I am villanously groomed. My stock  
Rides up. In short, since this is your department,  
I wish you'd black my boots a little better.

[A LACKEY brings a tray with refreshments, which  
the DOCTOR takes.]

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

[Anxious to help the DUKE from the tray.]

Franz—

THE DUKE.

[To SEDLNIZKY, who is again making for the door.]

You take nothing—?

SEDLNIZKY.

I have taken—

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

A Tartar!

THE DUKE.

Orders, Foresti!

FORESTI.

Colonel!

THE DUKE.

We'll manœuvre

At early dawn the day after to-morrow;

Assemble at Grosshoffen.

FORESTI.

Good, my Colonel!

THE DUKE.

[To the OFFICERS.]

I'll not detain you, gentlemen. Good-day.

[FORESTI and the OFFICERS go out.]

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

[To SEDLNIZKY, taking a letter out of his pocket, and tossing it toward him.]

Dear Count, here is another you've not read.

[SEDLNIZKY and the DOCTOR go out.]

DIETRICHSTEIN.

[Who came in a moment ago.]

I think you treat him rather harshly, Highness.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Is not the Duke at perfect liberty?

DIETRICHSTEIN.

Of course the Duke is not a prisoner, but—

THE DUKE.

I like that "but," I hope you feel its value!

Good Lord, I'm not a prisoner, "but"—that's all!

"But"—not a prisoner, "but"—that is the word,

The formula! A prisoner? Oh, not a moment!

"But" there are always people at my heels.

A prisoner? Not I! You know I'm not;

"But" if I risk a stroll across the park

A hidden eye blossoms behind each leaf.

Of course not prisoner, "but" let anyone

Seek private speech with me, beneath each hedge

Up springs the mushroom ear. I'm truly not

A prisoner, "but" when I ride, I feel

The delicate attention of an escort.

I'm not the least bit in the world a prisoner,

"But" I'm the second to unseal my letters.

Not at all prisoner, "but" at night they post

• A lackey at my door—look! there he goes.

I, Duke of Reichstadt, prisoner? Never! never!

I, prisoner? No! I'm not a prisoner—"but"—!

DIETRICHSTEIN.

I love to see this mirth—so rare—

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

Yes, devilish!

DIETRICHSTEIN.

[*Taking his leave.*]

Your Highness—

THE DUKE.

Serenissimus!

DIETRICHSTEIN.

Eh!

THE DUKE.

—issimus!

That is my title. My particular title

Kindly remember it another time!

DIETRICHSTEIN.

[*Bowing.*]

I leave you—

[*He goes.*]

THE DUKE.

[*To the ARCHDUCHESS.*]

Serenissimus! how glorious!

[*Pointing to the album.*]

What's that?

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

The Emperor's herbarium.

THE DUKE.

Lord!

Grandpapa's botany!

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

He lent it me

This morning, Franz.

THE DUKE.

[*Examining it.*]

It's pretty.

# L' A I G L O N

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

You know Latin,  
What is this withered black thing?

THE DUKE.

That's a rose.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Franz, there's been something wrong with you of late.

THE DUKE.

[*Reading.*]

*Bengalensis.*

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Of Bengal?

THE DUKE.

That's right.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

I find you nervous. What's the matter?

THE DUKE.

Nothing.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Yes, but I know, your bosom-friend Prokesch,  
The confidant of hopes they think too vast,  
They've sent him far away.

THE DUKE.

But in exchange  
They give me Marshal Marmont as a friend.  
Despised in France, he crawls to Austria  
To gather praise for treason to my Father.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Hush!

THE DUKE

And a man like that is here to set  
The son against the Father!—Oh!—

[*Reading.*]

*Volubilis.*



# L' A I G L O N

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Franz, when you promise do you keep your word?

THE DUKE.

You've been so good to me, I could not break it.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Besides, you liked my birthday present, Franz.

THE DUKE.

Ah, yes! These relics from the archducal trophy!

*[He takes the things he mentions, which are on a console between the doors on the right.]*

A tinder box—a busby of the Guard—

An ancient musket—No! it isn't loaded!

And above all—

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Oh, hush!

THE DUKE.

That other thing—

I've hidden it.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Where, you bandit?

THE DUKE.

In my den.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Well, promise then—your grandfather—you know  
His kindness—

THE DUKE.

*[Picking up a paper which has fallen from the herbarium.]*

What is this? A sheet of paper?

*[He reads.]*

“And if the students still persist in shouting,  
Let them be crimped and sent on active service—”

*[To the ARCHDUCHESS.]*

You said—his kindness—

# L' A I G L O N

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Yes; the Emperor loves you.

His goodness—

THE DUKE.

[*Picking up another paper fallen from the herbarium.*]

Here's another.

[*He reads.*]

“As the mob

Resist you, cut them down.”

[*To the ARCHDUCHESS.*]

His goodness—

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

He hates the ferment of the modern mind,

But he's an excellent old man.

THE DUKE.

Two-sided.

Flowers from whose leaves death-sentences are shed,

Good Emperor Franz is like these specimens.

[*He closes the herbarium.*]

However, he's beloved, he's popular,

I love him well.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

How he could help your cause!

THE DUKE.

Ah! if he would!

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Promise you'll never fly

Until you've tried your utmost with him.

THE DUKE.

Yes,

I promise that.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

And I'll reward you now.

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

You?

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Oh, one has one's little influence!

The astounding Prokesch they deprived you of—

I said and did so much—in short, he's here.

*[She strikes the ground with her parasol. The door opens and PROKESCH enters. The DUKE rushes to him. The ARCHDUCHESS goes out quickly.]*

THE DUKE.

At last!

PROKESCH.

They may be listening.

THE DUKE.

Oh, they are!

They never tell, though.

PROKESCH.

What?

THE DUKE.

I've tested them.

Uttered the most seditious sentiments;

They've never been repeated. Never.

PROKESCH.

Strange!

THE DUKE.

I think the listener, paid by the police,

Pockets the cash and stops his friendly ears.

PROKESCH.

The Countess Camerata? Any news?

THE DUKE.

Nothing.

PROKESCH.

Oh!

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

Nothing. She's forgotten me;  
Or else she's been discovered—or, perhaps—  
What folly not to have fled last year! And yet  
'Twas better; now I'm readier, but—forgotten.

PROKESCH.

Oh, hush! Your work-room? Charming.

THE DUKE.

It's Chinese.

The hideous gilded birds! The nightmare faces  
Sneering with scorpion-smiles from every corner!  
They lodge me in the famous lacquered chamber  
So that my uniform may seem more white  
Against the blackness of its glowing walls!

PROKESCH.

Prince!

THE DUKE.

They've surrounded me with fools and knaves.

PROKESCH.

What have you done these last six months?

THE DUKE.

I've raged!

PROKESCH.

I'd never seen this Schönbrunn.

THE DUKE.

It's a tomb.

PROKESCH.

The Gloriette looks well against the sky.

THE DUKE.

Yes, while my heart is hungering for glory  
I've that diminutive: the Gloriette!

PROKESCH.

You've all the park to ride in.

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

Oh, the park

Is much too little.

PROKESCH.

Well, then, the valley.

THE DUKE.

The valley is too little for a gallop.

PROKESCH.

What do you want for galloping?

THE DUKE.

All Europe!

PROKESCH.

Oh, hush!

THE DUKE.

When from the glowing page of history  
I lift dazed eyes, a forehead splashed with glory,  
Closing my Plutarch, leap with thee, O Cæsar,  
Upon a conquered land, with Alexander,  
With Hannibal, with thee, my Father—

A L A C K E Y.

[*Entering.*]

What

Will your Highness please to wear to-night?

THE DUKE.

[*To PROKESCH.*]

There!

[*To the LACKEY.*]

I'm not going out.

[*The LACKEY disappears.*]

PROKESCH.

[*Who has been turning over some books.*]

They let you read?

# L ' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

Oh, anything. The days are past when Fanny,  
That I might learn, learnt history by heart.  
And, later, books were handed me in secret.

PROKESCH.

The good Archduchess—?

THE DUKE.

Every day a book.  
Locked safe all night I read it. I was drunk!  
When it was finished, to conceal my crime,  
I tossed it on the tester's canopy,  
And there the heap grew, hidden in the darkness;  
I slept beneath a dome of history.  
All day the heap lay quiet, but at night,  
When I was sleeping, it began to stir,  
And from the pages clamorous with battles,  
The battles issued, stretching torpid wings;  
And laurels showered upon my slumbering eyes.  
Austerlitz gleamed among my curtains, Jena  
Glowed in the gilded tassels holding them  
And on a sudden lapsed into my dream.  
Till once, when Metternich was gravely telling  
His version of my father's history,  
Down comes my canopy crushed by the glory;  
A hundred volumes with their fluttering pages  
Shouting one name!

PROKESCH.

Metternich started?

THE DUKE.

No.

He smiled benignantly, and said, "My Lord,  
Why keep your library so out of reach?"  
And since that day I've read whate'er I choose.

# L' A I G L O N

PROKESCH.

Even "*Le Fils de l'homme?*"

THE DUKE.

Yes.

PROKESCH.

Hateful book!

THE DUKE.

Yes; but it's French and blinded by its hate.  
It says they're poisoning me; hints at Locusta  
Who poisoned Claudius. If thy Prince is dying,  
Wherefore, O France, belittle his disease?  
It is no poisoned cup of melodrama  
That kills the Duke of Reichstadt! 'Tis his soul!

PROKESCH.

My Lord—!

THE DUKE.

It is my soul! it is my name!  
That mighty name, which throbs with guns and bells,  
Clashes and thunders, ceaselessly reproaches  
Against my languor with its bells and guns!  
Silence your tocsins and your salvos! Poison?  
What need of poison in the prison-house?  
I yearn to broaden history!—I am  
A pallid visage watching at a window.  
If I could only rid myself of doubt!  
You know me well! what do you think of me?  
Suppose I were what people say we are  
And what we often are, we great men's sons!  
Metternich feeds this doubt with frequent hints:  
He's right; it is his duty as an Austrian.  
I shiver when he opes the bonbonnière  
They call his wit, to find some honeyed venom.  
You! tell me honestly what is my worth?  
You know me; can I be an Emperor?

# L' A I G L O N

From this pale brow may God withhold the crown  
Unless its pallor's that of Bonaparte!

PROKESCH.

Prince—!

THE DUKE.

Answer me! Must I despise myself?  
Speak out! What am I? Are my wits too dull,  
And are my wrists too feeble for the sceptre?  
What do you think of me?

PROKESCH.

Prince, if all Princes  
Struggled with half these torments, doubts, and fears  
There would be none but admirable kings.

THE DUKE.

I thank you, Prokesch. Ah! that word consoles me.  
To work, my friend!

*[A LACKEY brings in a tray full of letters, places  
them on the table, and goes out.]*

PROKESCH.

Your mail has just arrived.

A load of letters.

THE DUKE.

Yes; from women. These  
Reach me unopened.

PROKESCH.

What successes!

THE DUKE.

Yes;

That's what it is to wear the fatal halo.

*[He opens one letter after another; reads the be-  
ginning and tears them up.]*

"I saw you in your box last night, how pale—!"



# L' A I G L O N

Destroyed! "Oh, that white brow!" Destroyed!  
"My Prince,  
I saw you riding in the Prater yesterday—"  
Destroyed!

PROKESCH.

What, all?

THE DUKE.

"Your youth—" The Canoness.

Destroyed!

[*The door opens gently and THERESA comes in.*]

THERESA.

Forgive me.

THE DUKE.

Little Brooklet. You?

THERESA.

Why do you always call me that?

THE DUKE.

'Tis sweet,

'Tis pure. It fits you.

THERESA.

Prince, I go to Parma

To-morrow with your mother.

THE DUKE.

I am sorry.

THERESA.

Parma—

THE DUKE.

The land of violets.

THERESA.

Ah, yes!

THE DUKE.

And if my mother knows not what they stand for  
Tell her.

# L ' A I G L O N

T H E R E S A .

Farewell, my Lord.

T H E D U K E .

Go, little Brooklet,  
Go on your innocent course.

T H E R E S A .

Why "Little Brooklet"?

T H E D U K E .

Because the slumbering depths within your eyes,  
The murmur of your voice, so oft refreshed me.

T H E R E S A .

You've nothing more to say?

T H E D U K E .

No, nothing more.

T H E R E S A .

Good-bye, my Lord.

*[She goes.]*

T H E D U K E .

Destroyed!

P R O K E S C H .

Ah! I perceive!

T H E D U K E .

She loves me—and perhaps—but I must deal  
In history and not romances! Come!  
To work, my friend! We will resume our tactics.

P R O K E S C H .

I'll plan an action: you shall criticise it.

\*\*

T H E D U K E .

First give me yonder box upon the couch,  
The wooden box with all my wooden soldiers.  
I'll work the problem much more easily  
Upon our little military chess-board.

# L' A I G L O N

PROKESCH.

[*After giving the box to the DUKE.*]

You have to prove my plan is hazardous.

THE DUKE.

[*Putting his hand on the box.*]

These are the soldiers of Napoleon's son!

PROKESCH.

Prince!

THE DUKE.

I'm surrounded with such loving care,  
They even paint my soldiers—take them out—  
They even paint my wooden soldiers Austrian!  
Well! hand me one. We will deploy our left.

[*He takes the soldier PROKESCH hands him, and starts on seeing it.*]

PROKESCH.

What is't?

THE DUKE.

One of my father's Grenadiers!

[*PROKESCH hands him another.*]

A Cuirassier!

[*He takes others out of the box.*]

Light Infantry! A scout!

They're all become good Frenchmen! Someone's  
painted

Each of these little wooden combatants!

[*He takes them all out.*]

They're French! French! French!

PROKESCH.

What miracle is this?

THE DUKE.

I tell you, someone's carved and painted them!

PROKESCH.

Who?

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

And the artist was a soldier!

PROKESCH.

Why?

THE DUKE.

Each coat of regal blue has seven buttons,  
The collars are correct, the linings faithful,  
The tunics, brandenburghs, and forage-caps,  
All's there! The painter never had to pause  
To get the edgings and the facings right!  
The lace is white, the flaps are triple-pointed!—  
Oh, friend, whoe'er you are, with folded hands  
I thank you, nameless soldier of my father!  
I know not how you worked, nor whence you came,  
How you found means, here, in our dismal gaol,  
To paint these little mannikins for me.  
Who is the hero, little wooden army—  
Only a hero would have been so childish—  
Who is the hero who equipped you thus  
That now you smile at me from all your trappings?  
Whose was the loving, microscopic brush  
Which gave each tiny face its grim mustache,  
Stamped cannon cross-wise on each pouch, and gave  
Each officer his bugle or grenade?  
Take them all out! The table's covered with them.  
Here are the skirmishers, the fogle-men,  
The Infantry with shoulder-straps of green.  
Take them all out! They're little conquerors!  
Oh, Prokesch, look! locked in that little box  
Lay sleeping all the glorious *Grande Armée!*  
Here are the Mamelukes—I recognize  
The crimson breast-piece of the Polish Lancers.  
Here are the Sappers with their purple breeches,  
And here at last, with different colored leggings,  
The Grenadiers of the line with waving plumes





# L ' A I G L O N

Who marched into the battle with white gaiters ;  
The Conscripts here, with green and pear-shaped tufts,  
Who marched to battle with their gaiters black.  
Like a poor prisoner, who falls a-dreaming  
Of vast and murmuring forests, with a tree  
Fashioned of shavings, taken from a doll's house,  
I build my Father's Epic with these soldiers.

[*He moves away from the table.*]

Why, yes, from here I cannot see at all  
The little rounds of wood that keep them upright !  
This army, Prokesch, when you move away  
'Tis but the distance makes it look so small !

[*He comes back quickly.*]

Place them in line for Wagram and for Eylau !  
This naked yatagan shall be the water—

[*He takes a sword from the panoply.*]

It is the Danube.

[*He arranges the soldiers.*]

Essling! Yonder's Aspern.

Throw out a paper bridge across the steel.  
Pass me a mounted Grenadier or two.

P R O K E S C H .

We want a little hillock.

T H E D U K E .

[*Handing him a book.*]

The "Memorials."

Here stands Saint Cyr, here Molitor of Bellegarde  
And on the bridge—

M E T T E R N I C H .

[*Who has come in unperceived and is standing behind him.*]

And on the bridge?

T H E D U K E .

The Guards.

# L' A I G L O N

METTERNICH.

So all the army's French to-day, it seems!  
Where are the Austrians?

THE DUKE.

They've run away.

METTERNICH.

Tut, tut—who daubed them over for you?

THE DUKE.

No one.

METTERNICH.

'Twas you. That's how you spoil the toys we give you.

THE DUKE.

Sir—!

[METTERNICH rings—a LACKEY appears.]

METTERNICH.

[To the LACKEY.]

Take these soldiers; throw them all away.

[To the DUKE.]

I'll send you new ones.

THE DUKE.

I'll not have your new ones!

If I'm a child, my toys shall be a giant's!

METTERNICH.

What gadfly—what Imperial bee has stung you?

THE DUKE.

As irony is little to my liking—

THE LACKEY.

[Aside to the DUKE.]

Silence, my Lord! I'll paint 'em over again.

METTERNICH.

Well, Highness?



# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

Nothing. Just a fit of temper.

Forgive me.

[*Aside.*]

I've a friend; I can be patient.

METTERNICH.

I came to bring your friend—

THE DUKE.

My friend?

METTERNICH.

Yes; Marshal

Marmont.

THE DUKE.

Oh! Marmont!

METTERNICH.

[*With a look at PROKESCH.*]

He's among the few

I like to see about you—

PROKESCH.

[*Mutters.*]

I should hope so!

METTERNICH.

He's here.

THE DUKE.

Why, let him come!

[*METTERNICH goes out. The DUKE throws himself wildly on the couch.*]

My father! Glory!

The Eagles! The Imperial throne! The purple!

[*Suddenly calm, he offers his hand to MARMONT, who enters with METTERNICH.*]

Ah, Marshal Marmont! How are you to-day?

# L ' A I G L O N

M A R M O N T .

My Lord—!

M E T T E R N I C H .

[*Anxious to get PROKESCH away.*]

Come, Prokesch, come and see how well  
The Duke is lodged.

[*He takes him by the arm and leads him off.*]

T H E D U K E .

[*After a pause.*]

You've told me all you know  
About my Father's youth?

M A R M O N T .

I have.

T H E D U K E .

We'll sum it up.

You'd call him great?

M A R M O N T .

Oh, very.

T H E D U K E .

But 'twas you

Who helped—

M A R M O N T .

I helped him to avoid—

T H E D U K E .

Disaster?

M A R M O N T .

Well, he believed so stoutly—

T H E D U K E .

In his star?

M A R M O N T .

We perfectly agree in our conclusions.

T H E D U K E .

And I suppose he was, as we were saying—

# L' A I G L O N

M A R M O N T.

He was a General of some importance;  
Yet it were hardly fair to call him—

T H E D U K E.

Wretch!

M A R M O N T.

What?

T H E D U K E.

Now I've learnt whatever you could teach me,  
Whatever memories of him you had,  
All that, in spite of you, was splendid in you.  
I cast you off: a useless sponge!

M A R M O N T.

My Lord!

T H E D U K E.

Duke of Ragusa, you betrayed him! You!  
Ah, yes, I know, when you beheld your comrade  
Climbing the throne you all said, "Why not I?"  
But you, whom even in the ranks he loved,  
And loved so well his men grew discontented,  
Created Marshal at the age of thirty—

M A R M O N T.

No; thirty-five.

T H E D U K E.

You, traitor of Essonnes,  
The mob has found new uses for your name  
And coined a verb "*Raguser*," to betray!  
Why do you stand there silent? Answer me.  
'Tis not alone Prince Francis Charles, it is  
Napoleon the Second speaking to you.

M A R M O N T.

[*Listening.*]

They come—Prince Metternich—I know his voice.

# L ' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

Well! you know what to do. Betray us twice!

METTERNICH.

[*Entering with PROKESCH.*]

Don't interrupt your chat. I'm taking Prokesch  
Across the park to see the Roman ruins  
Where I propose to give a ball. I am  
The last survivor of a crumbling world.  
I like the idea of dancing over ruins.  
Good-night.

[*He goes out with PROKESCH.*]

MARMONT.

My Lord, you see I held my peace.

THE DUKE.

It only needed that you should *raguse*.

MARMONT.

Oh, conjugate the verb! I'll take a seat.

THE DUKE.

What!

MARMONT.

I will let you conjugate the verb  
Because you were magnificent just now.

THE DUKE.

Sir!

MARMONT.

I have spoken evil of your Father  
These fifteen years. I do so still; 'tis true.  
Can you not guess I seek to excuse myself?  
I never saw your Father after Elba—  
If I had seen him I should have returned.  
Others betrayed him, thinking to save France;  
But these beheld his face again, and fell  
Under the spell, as I have fallen to-night.

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

Why, sir?

MARMONT.

I also have beheld his face.

THE DUKE.

How?

MARMONT.

In that frown, and in that haughty gesture;  
The sparkling eye! Insult me. I remain.

THE DUKE.

Almost you have atoned if that be true,  
Saved me from self-distrust which these exploit.  
What? With my gloomy brow and narrow chest—?

MARMONT.

I have beheld him!

THE DUKE.

Dare I hope again?

Dare I forgive you? Why did you betray him?

MARMONT.

My Lord—!

THE DUKE.

Why? You—and others?

MARMONT.

We were weary.

Can you not understand? No peace in Europe.

It's well to conquer, but one wants to live!

Berlin, Vienna, never, never Paris!

Beginning and beginning and beginning,

Again, and yet again as in a nightmare;

Forever and forever in the saddle

Till we were sick of it!

THE LACKEY.

[*Having taken out the wooden soldiers and come back.*

What about us?

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE AND MARMONT.

Eh?

THE LACKEY.

Us, the men, the mean, the rank and file?  
Us, tramping broken, wounded, muddy, dying,  
Having no hope of duchies or endowments,  
Marching along and never getting further,  
Too simple and too ignorant to covet  
The famous marshal's baton in our knapsacks?  
What about us, who marched through every weather,  
Sweating but fearless, shivering without trembling,  
Kept on our feet by trumpet-calls, by fever,  
And by the songs we sang through conquered coun-  
tries?

Us upon whom for seventeen years—just think!—  
The knapsack, sabre, turn-screw, flint, and gun,  
Beside the burden of an empty belly,  
Made the sweet weight of five and fifty pounds?  
Us, who wore bearskins in the burning tropics  
And marched bareheaded through the snows of Russia,  
Who trotted casually from Spain to Austria?  
Us who, to free our travel-weary legs,  
Like carrots from the slough of miry roads,  
Often with both hands had to lug them out?  
Us, who, not having jujubes for our coughs,  
Took day-long foot-baths in the freezing Danube?  
Who just had leisure when some officer  
Came riding up, and gayly cried "To arms!  
The enemy is on us! Drive him back!"  
To eat a slice of rook—and raw at that,  
Or quickly mix a delicate ice-cream  
With melted snow and a dead horse's blood?  
Us, who—

THE DUKE.

At last!

# L' A I G L O N

THE LACKEY.

At night had little fear  
Of bullets, but a holy dread of waking  
Cannibals; us—

THE DUKE.

At last—!

THE LACKEY.

Who marched and fought  
Fasting, and only stopped—

THE DUKE.

At last I see one!

THE LACKEY.

To fight—and then stopped fighting, four to one,  
Only to march; and stopped again to fight!  
Marching and fighting, naked, starved, but merry—  
Don't you suppose we, too, were sick of it?

MARMONT.

But—

THE LACKEY.

Though we owed him precious little thanks,  
Nevertheless 'twas we whose hearts were true,  
While you were ambling at the King's right hand.  
In short, your Highness, in the great canteen,  
Where souls are fed on glory, he may find  
[*Pointing to MARMONT.*]  
His laurels are not worth our small potatoes.

MARMONT.

Who is this Lackey with the veteran's growl?

THE LACKEY.

John Seraph Peter Flambeau, called Flambart—  
“The glowing coal”—ex-sergeant grenadier.  
Mamma from Picardy; Papa a Breton.  
Joined at fourteen, two Germinal, year Three.  
Baptised, Marengo; got my corporal's stripes

## L' A I G L O N

The fifteenth Fructidor, year Twelve. Silk hose  
And sergeant's cane, steeped in my tears of joy.  
July fourteenth, year Eighteen hundred and nine,  
At Schönbrunn, for the Guards were here to serve  
The sacred person of your Majesty.  
Sixteen years' service, seen sixteen campaigns,  
Fought Austerlitz, fought Eylau, Somo-Siera,  
Eckmühl, Essling, Wagram, Smolensk, and so forth.  
Thirty-two feats of arms, a lot of wounds,  
And only fought for glory and dry bread.

M A R M O N T.

Surely you will not listen to him thus?

T H E D U K E.

No, sir, I will not listen thus, but standing!

M A R M O N T.

My Lord!

T H E D U K E.

For in the volume whose sublime  
Chapters are headed with proud capitals  
You are the titles and you catch the eye;  
But these—these are the thousand little letters—  
You're nought, without the black and humble army  
That goes to make a page of history.  
Oh, my brave Flambeau, painter of my soldiers,  
To think while you were near me all this month,  
I only looked upon you as a spy.

F L A M B E A U.

Oh, our acquaintance dates much further back!

T H E D U K E.

How so?

F L A M B E A U.

Can't you recall me?

T H E D U K E.

Not at all.



# L ' A I G L O N

## FLAMBEAU.

One Thursday in the garden of Saint Cloud  
Marshal Duroc stood with a maid-in-waiting,  
Watching your Highness at his nurse's breast—  
Its whiteness, I remember, startled me.  
Marshal Duroc exclaimed, "Come here!" I came.  
But there were lots of things to make me nervous:  
The Imperial child, the gorgeous rosy sleeves  
The Maid of honor wore, Duroc, the breast—  
In short, the tuft was shivering on my bearskin;  
So much so that your Highness noticed it.  
You gazed upon it pensively: what was it?  
And while you hailed it with a milky laugh  
You seemed uncertain which to admire the more  
About this moving scarlet miracle:  
Its motion, or the fact that it was scarlet.  
Suddenly, while I stooped, your little hands  
Began to pull the precious tuft about.  
Seeing my plight, the Marshal cried severely,  
"Don't interfere"—I didn't interfere;  
But having sunk upon my knees I heard  
The nurse, the marshal, and the lady laughing.  
And when I rose the grass was strewn with red:  
As for my tuft, that was a beardless wire.  
"I'll sign an order," said Duroc, "for two."  
Back to my quarters then I strutted radiant;  
"You there! hulloa!" exclaimed the Adjutant,  
"Who's plucked you?" And I cried: "The King of  
Rome!"  
And that is how one Thursday morn I met  
Your Majesty. Your Highness has developed.

## THE DUKE.

No, not developed: that is why I grieve.  
My "Majesty" has shrivelled to my "Highness."

# L ' A I G L O N

M A R M O N T .

[*To* FLAMBEAU.]

But since the Empire fell, what have you done?

F L A M B E A U .

I think I've acted like a decent beggar.  
I know Fournier and Solignac. In May  
Eighteen-sixteen Didier and Sarlovèze  
Conspire and fail. I see the child Miard  
Perish, and David the old man, and weep;  
They'd have beheaded me, but I am missing.  
Good. I come back to Paris with an alias;  
I smash a footstool on a royal guard  
Because he'd trodden on my favorite corn.  
I take the chair at noisy drinking bouts,  
Spend thirty pence a month. I nurse a hope  
That in the Var that Other still may land.  
I swagger in a Bonapartist hat  
And call whoever stares at me a vampire.  
I fight some thirty duels. I conspire  
At Béziers; fail. They'd have beheaded me,  
But I am missing. Good. I join at once  
The plot at Lyons. All are seized. I fly.  
They'd have beheaded me, but I am missing.  
So I come back to Paris, where, by chance,  
I find myself mixed up in the Bazaar plot.  
Lefèvre-Desnouettes is in America.  
I join him there. "What's up, my General?"  
Says I. Says he, "Come back." We start; we're  
wrecked.  
My General's drowned, but I know how to swim;  
And so I swim, bewailing Desnouettes.  
Good. Very good. Sun—azure waves—and sea-mews.  
A ship. They fish me up. I land in time  
To be among the plotters of Saumur.  
We fail again. They'd have beheaded me,

# L' A I G L O N

But I am missing. So I make for Greece,  
To rub the rust off, thrashing dirty Turks.  
One morning in July I'm back in France.  
I see them heaping paving stones. I help.  
I fight. At night the tricolor is hoisted,  
Instead of the white banner of the King,  
But as I think there still is something lacking  
To crown the point of that disloyal staff;  
You know—the golden thing that beats its wings.  
I leave, to plot in the Romagna. Fail.  
A relative of yours—

T H E D U K E.

Named?

F L A M B E A U.

Camerata—

Makes me her fencing master—

T H E D U K E.

Ah!

F L A M B E A U.

In Tuscany.

So we conspire with singlestick and rapier.  
Next there's a post of danger vacant here;  
They give me forged credentials; here I am.  
I'm here; but every day I see the Countess,  
For I have found the cave your Highness dug  
With your preceptor Colin in the garden  
To play at little Robinson. All right!  
I hide in it. I find it has two openings:  
This in an ant-heap; that, a bed of nettles.  
I wait. Your cousin brings her sketch-book, and  
There in the shadow of the Roman thingummies,  
She on her camp-stool, I amid the mud,  
She looking like an English tourist sketching,  
I whispering from my cavern like a prompter,  
We plan the means to make you Emperor.

[ III ]

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

And for such loyalty, so long maintained,  
What do you ask of me?

FLAMBEAU.

Just pull my ear.

THE DUKE.

What?

FLAMBEAU.

As your Father used to when we'd pleased him.

THE DUKE.

But I—

FLAMBEAU.

I'm waiting. Come. The thumb and index.

[THE DUKE *pulls his ear.*]

That's not the way to pull an ear, my Lord!

You don't know how: you're much too gentlemanly.

THE DUKE.

Ah, do you think so?

MARMONT.

Clumsy thing to say!

FLAMBEAU.

Well, in a French Prince that's but half a fault.

THE DUKE.

But can you see I'm French in these surroundings?

FLAMBEAU.

Yes, you don't match. It's rich; it's heavy.

MARMONT.

What!

Can you see that?

FLAMBEAU.

My brother's an upholsterer.

He works in Paris for Fontaine and Percier—

# L ' A I G L O N

They try to imitate us here; but, Lord!  
They've got a curious kind of Louis-Quinze!  
I'm not an expert, but I've got an eye.

[*He lifts up a chair.*]

Just look how finnickin' this wood-work is.

[*He puts it down and looks at it.*]

But then the tapestry! What taste! what mystery!  
It sings. It laughs. It crushes all the room.  
Why? Don't you know? Why, these are Gobelins!  
How plain it is that cunning craftsmen made them.  
This taste, this elegance swears with the rest—  
And you my Lord, were also made in France!

M A R M O N T.

He must go back.

F L A M B E A U.

And on the Cross of Honor  
Once more engrave a little Emperor.

T H E D U K E.

Whom have they put there now?

F L A M B E A U.

Henry the Fourth—  
Well, damn it all, it had to be a fighter!  
But, *basta!* How Napoleon must laugh  
To wear King Henry's mask upon his face!  
Haven't you ever seen the cross?

T H E D U K E.

In shops.

F L A M B E A U.

My Lord, it must be seen upon a breast,  
Here on the cloth, a gout of ardent blood,  
Which fell, and falling turned to burnished gold  
And to enamel with an edge of green;  
'Twas like a jewel pouring from a wound.

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

It must have looked magnificent, my friend,  
Here on your bosom.

FLAMBEAU.

I?—I never had it.

THE DUKE.

What! After all your modest heroism?

FLAMBEAU.

One had to do far greater deeds to win it.

THE DUKE.

You made no claim?

FLAMBEAU.

The Little Corporal  
Didn't bestow it; so I hadn't earned it.

THE DUKE.

Then I, who have no power, no throne, no title,  
I, who am but a memory in a phantom,  
That Duke of Reichstadt who with helpless grief  
Can only wander under Austrian trees,  
Carving an N upon their mossy trunks,  
Wayfarer, only noticed when I cough;  
Who have no longer even the little piece  
Of watered silk so scarlet in my cradle;  
I, on whose woes they vainly lavish stars,  
Who only wear two crosses, not the One!  
I, exiled, prisoner, sick, who may not ride  
Along the front of pompous regiments  
Scattering stars among my heroes; yet  
I hope—I think—the son of such a father—  
Into whose hands a firmament was given—  
I think, in spite of shadows and dead days,  
A little of the star clings to my fingers:—  
John Seraph Peter Flambeau, I adorn you!

# L' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

You!

THE DUKE.

Oh, this ribbon is not real.

FLAMBEAU.

The real  
Is that we weep in taking. I have wept.

MARMONT.

Besides, it must be legalized in Paris.

THE DUKE.

But how to get to Paris?

FLAMBEAU.

Pack your trunk.

THE DUKE.

Alas!

FLAMBEAU.

No more "Alas." To-day's the Ninth,  
And if you'd like to be on the Pont-Neuf  
The Thirtieth—you'll be there if you like—  
Come to the ball to-morrow given by Nepomuk.

THE DUKE AND MARMONT.

By whom?

FLAMBEAU.

Prince Metternich (Clement Lothair  
Wenceslas Nepomuk). Come. No more "Alas!"

MARMONT.

You utter dangerous secrets in my presence!

FLAMBEAU.

You'll not betray a plot in which you share.

THE DUKE.

Not Marmont!

# L' A I G L O N

M A R M O N T.

Yes, I'm with you.

[To FLAMBEAU.]

All the same

You didn't use much flattery to win me;

You gave me quite a warm reception.

F L A M B E A U.

Yes;

And won a warm reception for myself.

M A R M O N T.

Very imprudent.

F L A M B E A U.

True, but then my failing

Is ever overdoing things a little.

I always add a trifle to my orders

And wear a rose-bud when I go to battle:

My little joke.

M A R M O N T.

So if the Camerata

Cares to employ me—

T H E D U K E.

No! not Marmont!

F L A M B E A U.

Pooh!

Let him redeem himself!

T H E D U K E.

No!

M A R M O N T.

I have lists

Carefully made, of all the malcontents;

Maison, the French Ambassador, is my friend.

F L A M B E A U.

Oh, he can serve us.



# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

Compromises! No!  
I'll not let Marmont consecrate himself!

MARMONT.

When you are crowned, my Lord, I will obey you.  
Meanwhile I'll go at once to General Maison.

[MARMONT goes out.]

FLAMBEAU.

That venerable rascal's in the right.

THE DUKE.

So be it, then! I'll come. But where's the proof  
That France still feels herself my Father's widow?  
Oh, Flambeau, time has passed; the ancient love  
These worthy people bore us must have died.

FLAMBEAU.

Their love of you, my Lord? Why that's immortal!  
*[He takes from about his person the various articles mentioned in the following scene.]*

THE DUKE.

Why, Flambeau, what is that?

FLAMBEAU.

A pair of braces.

THE DUKE.

Have you gone mad?

FLAMBEAU.

Just look and see what's on 'em!

THE DUKE.

My portrait!

FLAMBEAU.

Worn by quite a decent class.

THE DUKE.

But Flambeau—

# L' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

Will you take a pinch of snuff?

THE DUKE.

I—

FLAMBEAU.

On the box a little curly head.

THE DUKE.

'Tis I!

FLAMBEAU.

And what about this handkerchief?

Eh! Not so bad, the little King of Rome?

THE DUKE.

But—

FLAMBEAU.

Colored print to paste upon your walls.

THE DUKE.

Again! on horseback!

FLAMBEAU.

Yes, and caracolling.

How d'you like this pipe?

THE DUKE.

But tell me, Flambeau—

FLAMBEAU.

You cannot say they haven't drawn you handsome!

THE DUKE.

I—

FLAMBEAU.

•• A cockade, to tease the government.

THE DUKE.

What's that?

FLAMBEAU.

A medal. Trivial fancy goods.

# L ' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

Still I?

FLAMBEAU.

Still you. Look here, what words are ground  
Upon this tumbler?

THE DUKE.

“Francis, Duke of Reichstadt.”

FLAMBEAU.

Of course you can't get on without a plate—

THE DUKE.

A plate?

FLAMBEAU.

A knife, a napkin-ring, an egg-cup.  
They've made you look so happy on the egg-cup!  
The table's laid, my Lord: my Lord is served!

THE DUKE.

[*With increasing emotion.*]

Flambeau—

FLAMBEAU.

On everything. Here's a cravat  
In which you're woven riding in the clouds;  
And playing cards of which you're Ace of Spades—

THE DUKE.

Flambeau!

FLAMBEAU.

And Almanacs—

THE DUKE.

Flambeau!

FLAMBEAU.

And everything!

THE DUKE.

Flambeau!

# L' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

What, weeping? Take this handkerchief  
And dry your eyes upon the King of Rome!

[*He kneels by the DUKE'S side and wipes his eyes  
with the handkerchief.*]

I bid you strike the iron while it's hot:  
You've got the people and you've got the Marshals,  
The King, the King himself, is only King  
On one condition: that he's Bonapartist.  
Vainly the Gallic cockerel spreads his wings  
That, from a distance, he may seem an eagle.  
We Frenchmen cannot breathe inglorious air;  
The crown must slip from off a pear-shaped head.  
The youth of France will rally to your side  
Merrily shouting songs of Béranger—  
The street has shuddered and the pavement trembled,  
And Schönbrunn's not so pretty as Versailles!

THE DUKE.

I will accept.

[*Military music is heard.*]

Hâ!

FLAMBEAU.

[*At the window.*]

In the Court of honor  
The trumpets of the Guard. The Emperor  
Is coming home.

THE DUKE.

My grandfather! My promise!

[*To FLAMBEAU.*]

No; before accepting—

FLAMBEAU.

Damn it!

THE DUKE.

Listen!

I must make one attempt with him; but if

# L ' A I G L O N

When you are here on guard to-night, you see  
Something—that you're not used to seeing here—  
It is a signal! I will fly.

FLAMBEAU.  
Latude!

What will the signal be?

THE DUKE.  
You'll see.

FLAMBEAU. But if—

[*An officer of the Noble Guard enters.*]

THE OFFICER.

My Lord—

FLAMBEAU.

[*Taking stock of him.*]

The beggars! Aren't they gorgeous swells!

THE DUKE.

Well?

THE OFFICER.

As the Emperor passed, they came and said,  
“O Sire, this is the one day in the week  
Whereon your Majesty receives his subjects;  
Many have come from far—” “I'd thought of it,”  
Replied the Emperor, smiling; “and I hope  
To see them. I'm at Schönbrunn as a grandfather,  
I shall be with the Duke from five to six:  
Let all my children be beside my grandson.”  
May they come up?

THE DUKE.  
Yes! open all the doors!

[*The OFFICER goes out.*]

THE DUKE.

[*To FLAMBEAU.*]

Now quickly make a bundle of these treasures.  
I'll look at them at leisure in my room.

# L' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

I make the bundle in the handkerchief.  
But tell me what the signal is to be.

THE DUKE.

Oh, never fear! you will not fail to know it.  
But—do you hear them? That's the Austrian Hymn.

FLAMBEAU.

My word! It isn't worth the Marseillaise!

THE DUKE.

The Marseillaise—well? have you tied the ends?  
My father used to say it wore mustachios.

FLAMBEAU.

Their blessed national hymn has scented whiskers.

THE DUKE.

It wouldn't be bad fun to enter France,  
Thus, with my bundle on my back, on foot.

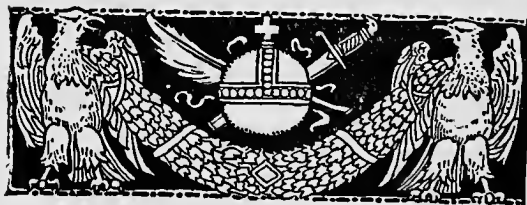
FLAMBEAU.

How cheerful and how funny you can be!  
This is the first time I have seen you so.

THE DUKE.

What? Rather young and merry? Thank you, Flam-  
beau.

CURTAIN.





## THE THIRD ACT

*Scene: The same as in the previous act.*

*A miscellaneous crowd of men, women and children are discovered on the rising of the curtain. They are being placed in order by an OFFICER.*

THE OFFICER.

LINE up. Be quiet. Boy, behave yourself.  
The Emperor enters here; so leave a passage.

You, giant highlander, don't scrape your feet.

A MAN.

Will he pass here?

THE OFFICER.

Yes; and he'll take your papers.  
Hold your petitions so that he can see them.  
No tedious twaddle—Ah!—and you're forbidden  
To kneel when he comes in.

A WOMAN.

Forbidden or not,  
That won't prevent us—

*[The EMPEROR enters quite simply, without being announced. All the people, in spite of the warning, fall on their knees.]*

# L' A I G L O N

THE EMPEROR.

Rise, my children, rise.

[*He passes from one to the other, taking their papers. To a WOMAN.*]

Your pension's doubled.

THE WOMAN.

Sire!

THE EMPEROR.

[*To a MAN.*]

What? What? A team  
Of oxen? That's expensive!—Granted.

THE MAN.

Father!

THE EMPEROR.

[*Reading another paper.*]

Granted.

A WOMAN.

Father Franz—

THE EMPEROR.

At home? What, you? All well

THE WOMAN.

Oh, so-so.

THE EMPEROR.

Well, old woman? Well?

THE OLD WOMAN.

Why, don't you see, the wind has killed my chickens.

THE EMPEROR.

Granted.—A vocalist?

THE VOCALIST.

I yodle.

THE EMPEROR.

Come

And yodle to the Court at Baden.



# L' A I G L O N

THE CHAMBERLAIN.

Name?

THE VOCALIST.

Schnauser.

THE EMPEROR.

A Highlander?

THE HIGHLANDER.

Out yonder

My home is, on the mountains, in the skies.

I want to be a cabman in Vienna.

THE EMPEROR.

Well, so you shall.

[*Taking another paper.*]

A wealthy husbandman

Begs Franz to give him back his daughter's love

Which a Bohemian glass-blower has stolen.

[*Handing back the paper.*]

You'll wed your child to her Bohemian lover.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

But—

THE EMPEROR.

I'll endow him.

THE CHAMBERLAIN.

Name?

THE HUSBANDMAN.

Johannes Schmoll.

I kiss your hands.

THE EMPEROR.

[*Taking another paper.*]

“A shepherd of the Tyrol,

A friendless orphan, robbed of all his land,

Driven from his homestead by his father's foes,

Yearns for his native woods and skies”—how touch-  
ing!—

“And his paternal meadow.” 'Tis restored.

# L' A I G L O N

THE CHAMBERLAIN.

What is the shepherd's name, who asks for help?

THE SHEPHERD.

The Duke of Reichstadt! And the meadow's France!

THE EMPEROR.

[*To the* PETITIONERS.]

Begone!

[*All go.*]

What's this?

THE DUKE.

It seems if I were only

A mountain shepherd or a forester,

With nothing to attract your notice, Sire,

Save a cock's feather in my huntsman's hat,

You would have drawn me to your melting heart.

THE EMPEROR.

But Franz—!

THE DUKE.

Ah, now I know why all your subjects,

All those who are unhappy, call themselves

Your sons as much as we; but is it just,

Sire, is it just, that I, when I'm unhappy,

Have less of kinship than the least of these?

THE EMPEROR.

But why just now—for I must scold you, sir—

When I was busy with these wretched people—

Why come to me just now, and not in private?

THE DUKE.

I wished to find you when your heart was open.

THE EMPEROR.

My heart—my heart!—You're somewhat over-bold!

THE DUKE.

I know that you can do the thing I ask,

That I am wretched almost past endurance,

And that you are my Grandfather—that's all.

# L' A I G L O N

THE EMPEROR.

But there is Europe—England—above all,  
There's Metternich.

THE DUKE.

You are my Grandfather.

THE EMPEROR.

You don't know half the difficulties.

THE DUKE.

But

I am the grandson of your Majesty.

THE EMPEROR.

But—

THE DUKE.

Sire, in whom alone I place my trust,  
Be Grandfather a little while!

THE EMPEROR.

But I—

THE DUKE.

Just for a moment drop the Emperor.

THE EMPEROR.

Ah, what a coaxing way you always had.

THE DUKE.

You know I cannot bear you when you look  
Like the great portrait hanging in the throne-room,  
With the ermine cloak and Golden Fleece upon you;  
But here, like this, I like you very much,  
With the dear silver of your floating hair,  
Your kindly eyes, your simple coat and waistcoat;  
For now you're just a dear old gentleman,  
By whom a grandchild might be petted.

THE EMPEROR.

Petted!

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

Are you not bored to see the heavy jowls  
Of Louis-Philip on the coins of France?

THE EMPEROR.

Hush! hush!

THE DUKE.

Do you adore these podgy Bourbons?

THE EMPEROR.

You are not like your cousins the Archdukes.

THE DUKE.

Indeed?

THE EMPEROR.

Where did you learn your saucy tricks?

THE DUKE.

I learnt them playing in the Tuileries.

THE EMPEROR.

Ah, you come back to that?

THE DUKE.

I wish I could.

THE EMPEROR.

Can you recall those days?

THE DUKE.

Oh, only vaguely.

THE EMPEROR.

Can you recall your father?

THE DUKE.

I remember

A man who pressed me hard against a star,  
And as he pressed I felt with tears of fright  
The diamond star was stamped upon my heart:  
Sire, it has stayed there!

# L' A I G L O N

THE EMPEROR.

Do I blame you for it?

THE DUKE.

Yes, let the goodness of your nature speak!  
When I was small you loved me, did you not?  
You loved to have me with you at your meals,  
And so we used to dine together—

THE EMPEROR.

Charming.

THE DUKE.

My hair was long, and I was Prince of Parma;  
And when they punished me you let me off.

THE EMPEROR.

Do you remember how you hated ponies?

THE DUKE.

One day they showed me one as white as snow;  
I stamped with fury in the riding-school.

THE EMPEROR.

You thought a pony was a deadly insult.

THE DUKE.

I cried with rage: I want a great, big horse!

THE EMPEROR.

And now you want another great, big horse!

THE DUKE.

And how I used to beat my German nurses.

THE EMPEROR.

And how with Colin you would calmly dig  
Enormous holes about my park—

THE DUKE.

For Crusoe.

THE EMPEROR.

He was Man Friday.

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

And I used to hide.

I had a gun, three hatchets and a bow.

THE EMPEROR.

Then you stood sentinel before my door.

THE DUKE.

As a hussar.

THE EMPEROR.

And ladies, coming late,

Found this excuse quite natural:—" Oh, Sire,  
We only stopped to kiss the sentinel!"

THE DUKE.

You loved me then.

THE EMPEROR.

I love you now.

THE DUKE.

Then prove it!

THE EMPEROR.

My Franz! my grandson!

THE DUKE.

Is it true the King

Would simply disappear if I appeared?

THE EMPEROR.

Well—

THE DUKE.

Is it true?

THE EMPEROR.

I—

THE DUKE.

Don't tell lies!

THE EMPEROR.

Perhaps!

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

I love you!

THE EMPEROR.

Yes; if you appeared alone,  
Without a drum, upon the bridge at Strassburg,  
The King would vanish.

THE DUKE.

I adore you, Grandad!

THE EMPEROR.

I'm stifled!

THE DUKE.

No.

THE EMPEROR.

I should have held my tongue.

THE DUKE.

Besides, the climate of Vienna's bad:  
I'm ordered Paris—

THE EMPEROR.

Really?

THE DUKE.

For my cough.

If I'm to spend a season there, of course  
I can't stop anywhere but at the Louvre.

THE EMPEROR.

Indeed!

THE DUKE.

And if you liked—

THE EMPEROR.

They've often begged us

To wink at your escaping—

THE DUKE.

Wink at once!

# L' A I G L O N

THE EMPEROR.

Oh, for all me—

THE DUKE.

There's no one else.

THE EMPEROR.

I'll think.

THE DUKE.

Don't think! Don't think those horrid second thoughts!  
Consult your feelings only, and your heart.  
'Twould be so pretty if an Emperor once  
Upset all history to spoil his grandson.  
And then it's something, something rather fine,  
If you can just remark quite innocently,  
*You know: "My Grandson, Emperor of the French."*

THE EMPEROR.

Certainly.

THE DUKE.

And you'll say it! Say you'll say it!

THE EMPEROR.

Well—

THE DUKE.

Speak, Sire!

THE EMPEROR.

Yes, then—Sire!

THE DUKE.

Ah, Sire!

*[They salute each other as equals.]*

THE EMPEROR.

Sire!

THE DUKE.

Sire!

*[A door opens.]*

THE EMPEROR.

Metternich. Have no fear; I'll—



# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

All is lost!

[Enter METTERNICH.]

THE EMPEROR.

It is my will this child shall reign.

METTERNICH.

Delightful.

I'll tell your partisans at once.

THE DUKE.

I feared.

THE EMPEROR.

What should you fear? Am I not master here?

THE DUKE.

Whom will you send me as Ambassador?

METTERNICH.

Delightful.

THE DUKE.

And you'll visit me in state?

THE EMPEROR.

Yes, very likely; when the chambers rise.

METTERNICH.

We'll only ask some trifling guarantees.

THE DUKE.

Ask what you like.

THE EMPEROR.

Well? are you happy?

METTERNICH.

First

We'll come to terms on trivial points of detail:  
Certain seditious groups should be dissolved:  
Our neighbors must not harbor thunderbolts.

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

Dear grandfather!

METTERNICH.

Ah—then we're very weary  
Of hearing of the Heroes of July.

THE DUKE.

But—

METTERNICH.

Now the imperialists and radicals  
Are linked: we'll cut the link; we cannot favor  
The dangerous modern spirit. We'll expel  
Lammenais.

THE DUKE.

But—

METTERNICH.

And Chateaubriand. Ah—  
We'll also put a muzzle on the press.

THE DUKE.

Oh, there's no hurry.

THE EMPEROR.

Pardon me, there is.

THE DUKE.

Pardon me, that's attacking freedom.

THE EMPEROR.

Freedom!

METTERNICH.

Ah—we must have free hand in Italy.

Ah—not so much excitement about Poland.

THE DUKE.

Ah? And what else?

METTERNICH.

Well, we shall have to solve  
The question of the names. You know, the names

# L' A I G L O N

Of battles, Sire, which you—well—did not win:  
The Marshals must not wear them.

THE DUKE.

What is that?

THE EMPEROR.

Perhaps—

METTERNICH.

Forgive me; but they must not think  
They're lords of Austrian places; and you cannot  
Approve their way of carrying off to France  
Our villages by means of upstart titles.

THE DUKE.

Grandfather! Grandfather!

THE EMPEROR.

Well—it's evident—

THE DUKE.

Yet you and I were in each other's arms!

[*To* METTERNICH.]

And have you nothing further to demand?

METTERNICH.

Yes; the suppression of the Tricolor.

THE DUKE.

Your Excellency wishes me to wash  
The banner based in blood and crowned with heaven—  
For it was dipped in horrors that bear fruit,  
And it was bathed in universal hopes!—  
Your Excellency asks me to efface  
That gleam of heaven and that stain of blood,  
And, having nothing but a blank sheet left,  
To make a shroud for Freedom out of that!

THE EMPEROR.

Freedom again!

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

Upon my father's side  
I am related closely, Sire, to Freedom.

METTERNICH.

Yes, the Duke's grandsire was the eighteenth Bru-  
maire!

THE DUKE.

Yes, and the Revolution was my granddam!

THE EMPEROR.

Silence!

METTERNICH.

The Emperor a republican!  
Utopia!—Play the Marseillaise in A  
On trumpets, while the sentimental flute  
Sighs "God preserve the Empire" in E flat.

THE DUKE.

The two go very well together, sir,  
And make a tune that frightens Kings away!

THE EMPEROR.

This to my face? How dare you, sir? How dare you?

THE DUKE.

Ah, now I know what is expected of me!

THE EMPEROR.

What does it mean? What is the matter with him?

THE DUKE.

I am to be an Austrian Archduke  
On a French throne!

THE EMPEROR.

What has he read or seen?

THE DUKE.

I have seen egg-cups, handkerchiefs, and pipes!

# L' A I G L O N

THE EMPEROR.

He's mad! The words he utters are a madman's!

THE DUKE.

Mad to have thought you'd help me to my own.

METTERNICH.

'Tis you alone obstruct your going home.

THE DUKE.

Yes, in a gig instead of on a gun!

THE EMPEROR.

You shall not go at all!

THE DUKE.

A cage?

THE EMPEROR.

We'll see!

THE DUKE.

For all your cages I am still the Eaglet!

THE EMPEROR.

The eagle on my flag has many eaglets:  
You're one of them: that's all.

THE DUKE.

Oh, gloomy eagle!

Sad, double-headed fowl, with heavy eye:

Eagle of Austria, cruel bird of night!

A glorious eagle of the dawn has passed

Athwart thine eyrie, and with ruffled feathers,

Raging and terror-stricken, thou beholdest

One of thine eaglets sprouting golden plumage!

THE EMPEROR.

My heart was softening: I regret my tears.

These books and weapons shall be taken from you.

Dietrichstein!

# L' A I G L O N

METTERNICH.

He is not in the palace.

THE EMPEROR.

Poor, morbid child, we will suppress whatever  
Too much reminds you who your father was.

THE DUKE.

Then you must root up every violet,  
Drive every single bee out of your park!

THE EMPEROR.

Change all the servants!

METTERNICH.

I'll dismiss them all:

Otto, Fritz, Hermann, Albrecht—

THE DUKE.

Close the shutters,

Lest yonder star remind me of my father's.

THE EMPEROR.

And as for Dietrichstein, I'll sign at once  
New regulations—

[To METTERNICH.]

Write.

METTERNICH.

Where is the ink?

THE DUKE.

My inkstand's on the table; you may use it.

METTERNICH.

Where? I see nothing!

THE DUKE.

The Minerva's head,

In bronze and marble.

METTERNICH.

Still I cannot see it.

# L ' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

Then take the other, made of burnished gold,  
On yonder console—

METTERNICH.

Where?

THE EMPEROR.

What inkstands?

THE DUKE.

Sire,

Those which my father left me.

THE EMPEROR.

What do you mean?

THE DUKE.

Yes! in his testament! And there, the pistols,  
Four pistols of Versailles. Take them away.

THE EMPEROR.

[*Bringing his fist down on the table.*]

What's this?

THE DUKE.

You must not hit the table, Sire!

Now you've knocked down the sword he wore as Consul!

THE EMPEROR.

These things you speak of—

THE DUKE.

Are before my eyes!

“ They are to be surrendered to my son  
When he has reached sixteen.” Despite the crime  
Which holds them back, they're mine: I have their  
soul!

The soul of every cross, of every jewel,  
And all is here: the three mahogany caskets,  
And all the snuff-boxes, and all the spurs,

## L ' A I G L O N

The golden garter-buckles and the gorgets,  
I've all! The iron sword, the enamelled sword,  
The sword in which a never-setting sun  
Has left its fires imprisoned, so that none  
May dare to draw it lest the sun leap forth;  
I have the sword-belts also, all the six!

T H E E M P E R O R .

Silence!

T H E D U K E .

“To be surrendered to my son  
When he has reached sixteen.” Oh, Father, sleep,  
For I have all; even your uniforms.  
Oh, yes! To you my uniform looks white—  
Well, it's not true—it's false—I am pretending!  
Father, behold, it's blue and red, behold!  
Colonel? Not so! Lieutenant in your Guard!  
By the device your soldiers bore I know it,  
Father, who gave me victories for sisters!  
'Twas not in vain you wished me to possess  
The alarm-clock of King Frederick of Prussia,  
Which you magnificently stole from Potsdam,  
For here it is! 'Tis ticking in my brain!  
It is the clock which wakes me every morning,  
Drives me exhausted by my midnight toil  
Back to my narrow table, to my toil,  
To be more fit by night-fall for the throne!

T H E E M P E R O R .

The throne! the throne! Oh, never hope again  
That you may reign in France, you—Upstart's son,  
Because our nobler blood has made you look  
Rather more kingly than your father was.

T H E D U K E .

Forgive me, but at Dresden, you remember,  
You all appeared like lackeys of my father.



# L ' A I G L O N

THE EMPEROR.

A common soldier!

THE DUKE.

He had but to ask  
And Emperors gave their daughters to this soldier.

THE EMPEROR.

Perhaps. I cannot say. Mine is a widow.

THE DUKE.

Pity I'm here as living evidence!

THE EMPEROR.

Have you forgotten how we loved each other?

THE DUKE.

No! No! My birth is proof that you were beaten!  
No! you can only hate me; for I am  
Wagram personified before your eyes!

THE EMPEROR.

Out of my sight! Begone!

[*Exit the DUKE.*]

The child I loved!

METTERNICH.

Well, Sire, is he to have an empire?

THE EMPEROR.

Never!

METTERNICH.

Do you perceive what I have saved you from?

THE EMPEROR.

Ah! did you hear the monstrous things he said?

METTERNICH.

We must subdue him.

THE EMPEROR.

For his own sake; yes.

# L' A I G L O N

METTERNICH.

For the world's peace and yours.

THE EMPEROR.

We must subdue him.

METTERNICH.

I'll come and speak to him to-night.

THE EMPEROR.

What grief

He gives me!

METTERNICH.

[*Trying to lead him away.*]

Come.

THE EMPEROR.

You'll speak to-night?

METTERNICH.

This scene

Must never be repeated.

THE EMPEROR.

It has hurt me.

Unhappy child!

METTERNICH.

[*Leading him off.*]

Come, Sire.

THE EMPEROR.

[*Without.*]

The child—

[*His voice dies away.*]

[*The DUKE opens his door very gently, sees they are gone, listens a moment, then enters quickly and places one of Napoleon's little hats on the table.*]

THE DUKE.

The signal!

[*He returns to his room.*]

[*FLAMBEAU enters.*]

# L' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

'Tis time. Well, signal? Are you here?—Perhaps.

[*He hunts for it.*]

“Flambeau,” he said, “you cannot fail to find it.”

Now, is it high or low, or black or white?

Or great or small?

[*He sees the hat.*]

The Emperor's—! Small *and* great!

[*He goes toward the window.*]

Oh, but the Countess watches in the park,

And if the signal's here I am to signal:

[*He takes out his handkerchief.*]

No! This won't do. A white flag makes her ill.

[*A servant enters with a reading-lamp, which he carries toward the DUKE'S room.*]

THE SERVANT.

The Duke of Reichstadt's reading-lamp.

FLAMBEAU.

[*Leaping upon him and seizing the lamp.*]

You dolt!

It's leaking! It must have fresh air!

[*He takes it out on the balcony.*]

You wave it three times so: arrange the wick;

[*He does as he says and gives the lamp back to the SERVANT.*]

That's it. See that?

THE SERVANT.

Oh, aren't you clever?

[*He carries the lamp into the DUKE'S room.*]

FLAMBEAU.

Rather!

To-morrow—flight!

[*SEDLNIZKY enters.*]

SEDLNIZKY.

The Duke?

[ 143 ]

# L ' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

[*Pointing to the room.*]

In there.

SEDLNIZKY.

Watch here.

FLAMBEAU.

I'm watching.

SEDLNIZKY.

Lock!

[*He goes out.*]

FLAMBEAU.

[*Locking the door after him.*]

Locked!

SEDLNIZKY.

[*Without.*]

Take the key out.

FLAMBEAU.

Out.

SEDLNIZKY.

None but the Emperor has the key. Be careful—  
Watch.

FLAMBEAU.

As I always do.

[*He bends over the key-holes and arranges them  
carefully.*]

And for the night

I'll close the eyelids of the key-holes softly.

SEDLNIZKY'S VOICE.

Good-night, you Piedmontese.

FLAMBEAU.

Good-night, my Lord.

SEDLNIZKY'S VOICE.

Remember! you're on duty.

# L' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

I'm on duty.

SEDLNIZKY'S VOICE.

Well, that's all right. Good-night.

FLAMBEAU.

Good-night!

*[He throws off his livery coat. Puts on the busby, which is standing on the console, and shoulders the musket. He is now in the full accoutrement of a Grenadier of the Guards.]*

And thus,

Suddenly upright, thin, unliveried,  
Locked in till dawn, and safe against surprise,  
Glowing with grizzled brows beneath his busby,  
Straight in his ancient uniform, his gun  
Firm in his arm, his hand on his right nipple,  
The fixed and regulation attitude,  
Standing thus every night before your threshold,  
Giving himself a password full of pride,  
Pleased with a deed that's grave, and yet a jest,  
A Grenadier at Schönbrunn stands on guard  
About the son as once about the Father.  
'Tis the last time! You'll never hear of it.  
'Tis for myself. A private luxury.  
I must be mad to do a thing like this  
For no one's eye, but just to say "By Jove,  
That's rather good!" At Schönbrunn! In their teeth!  
But I'm delighted!—I'm content!

*[He hears the noise of a key in the door.]*

I'm damned!

*[The door opens gently.]*

Who can have got the key?

*[He retires into the shadow by the DUKE'S door.]*

*[METTERNICH enters, carrying a large candelabrum.]*

# L' A I G L O N

M E T T E R N I C H .

No, no! This scene  
Must never be repeated.

F L A M B E A U .

Nepomuk!

M E T T E R N I C H .

Yes, I will speak to-night. We are alone.

[*As he puts down the candelabrum he sees the hat.*]

What's this? I never knew he had one like—  
Ah! the Archduchess must have sent him this;  
So there thou art, thou legendary hat!  
'Tis many years—Good day!—What sayst thou? What?  
No, from thy little sable pyramid  
Twelve years of splendor gaze on me in vain.  
I do not fear thee now.  
The leathern tag  
With which he constantly could take thee off,  
And so win cheers yet leave thy shape unharmed.  
With thee he fanned himself after each victory;  
Thou couldst not fall from his unheeding fingers,  
But straight a king would stoop to pick thee up.  
To-day, my friend, thou art a reach-me-down,  
And if I tossed thee through the casement yonder  
Where wouldst thou end thy days?

F L A M B E A U .

[*To himself.*] In a museum!

M E T T E R N I C H .

The famous little hat—how very ugly!  
They called it little—is it really little?  
No; it is big; enormous; it's the hat  
A little man puts on to increase his inches.  
For 'twas a hatter set the legend going:  
The real Napoleon, after all, was Poupart.  
Ah, never think my hatred of thee slumbers!  
'Twas for thy shape's sake first I hated thee,

## L' A I G L O N

Thou vampire-bat of bloody battle-fields,  
Hat that seemed fashioned out of raven's wings.  
I hated thee for pitilessly soaring  
Above the fields which witnessed our defeats,  
Half-circle, seeming on the ruddy sky  
The orb half-risen of some sable sun!  
And for thy crown wherein the devil lurks,  
Thou juggler's hat, laid with a sudden hand  
Upon a throne, an army, or a nation—  
When thou wert lifted all had disappeared.  
I hated thee for the salutes I gave thee,  
For thy simplicity—mere affectation—  
Thy insolent joy, thou piece of common beaver  
Amid the glittering diadems of gold;  
For staying firmly on his haughty head  
When I sought flattering epithets to please thee.  
Conqueror, new, acclaimed, I hated thee!  
I hate thee now, old, conquered and betrayed!  
I hate thee for thy haughty shadow, cast  
Forever on the wall of history;  
I hate thee for thy Jacobin cockade,  
Staring upon me like a bloodshot eye;  
For all the murmurs sounding in thy shell,  
That huge black shell the waves have left behind  
Wherein the shuddering listener may hear  
The rumor of a nation on the march.  
I hate thee for the pride of France, whose bounds  
Thou hast enlarged until she scorns the world;  
For Béranger I hate thee, and Raffet,  
For all the songs and all the pasquinades,  
And for the halo of Saint Helena.  
I hate thee, hate thee. I shall not be happy  
Until thy clumsy triangle of cloth,  
Despoiled of its traditions, is again  
What it should ne'er have ceased to be in France—  
The headgear of a village constable.

# L' A I G L O N

I hate—but suddenly—how strange!—the present  
Sometimes with impish glee will ape the past!—  
Seeing thy well-known shape before me thus  
Carries my mind back to a distant day,  
For it was here he always put thee down  
When twenty years ago he sojourned here.  
This room was then the ante-chamber; here,  
Waiting till graciously he showed himself,  
Dukes, Princes, Magyars, huddling in a corner,  
Fixed from afar their humbled eyes upon thee,  
Like lions, dreading with a helpless fury  
The tamer's hat forgotten in the cage.  
'Twas thus he placed thee, and here lay, as now,  
Weapons and papers. One might say 'twas he  
Had tossed thee carelessly upon the map,  
That this were still his home, this Bonaparte!  
And that by turning, on the threshold—there—  
I should behold the Grenadier on—

*[He starts on seeing FLAMBEAU standing rigid  
before the DUKE'S door; he rubs his eyes.]*

Ha!

No! no! I'm feverish; my tête-à-tête  
With the old hat plays havoc with my nerves!

*[He looks and draws near. FLAMBEAU does not  
move.]*

Or have the moonbeams conjured up a spectre?  
What is it, then? Let's see—let's see—let's see!

*[He strides furiously toward FLAMBEAU.]*

Who are you, fellow?

FLAMBEAU.

*[Presenting his bayonet.]*

Who goes there?

METTERNICH.

*[Recoiling.]*

The devil!



# L ' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

[*Coldly.*]  
Pass, devil.

METTERNICH.

[*With a forced laugh, coming toward him again.*]

Yes,—a very clever jest,

But—

FLAMBEAU.

[*Presenting his bayonet again.*]

Who goes there?

METTERNICH.

[*Recoiling.*]

But—

FLAMBEAU.

Move and you are dead.

METTERNICH.

But—I—

FLAMBEAU.

Quiet!

METTERNICH.

Let me pass!

FLAMBEAU.

The Emperor sleeps!

METTERNICH.

What!

FLAMBEAU.

Silence!

METTERNICH.

I'm the Austrian Chancellor!

I am all-powerful! I'm—

FLAMBEAU.

Shut your mouth!

METTERNICH.

I want to see the Duke of Reichstadt!

# L' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

Out!

METTERNICH.

How—out?

FLAMBEAU.

What's Reichstadt? Never heard of Reichstadt!  
Auerstadt, Elchingen, they're dukes I know.  
Reichstadt's no duke. There's been no victory there.

METTERNICH.

But, we're at Schönbrunn!

FLAMBEAU.

I should rather think so!

Thanks to our new success we're quartered here;  
And here we're getting ready at our leisure  
To give the world another drubbing! See?

METTERNICH.

What's that you say? A new success?

FLAMBEAU.

Colossal!

METTERNICH.

This is July the ninth in Eighteen—

FLAMBEAU.

Nine!

METTERNICH.

Can I be mad?

FLAMBEAU.

Who are you? Where d'you spring from?  
Why aren't you snug in bed? It's very fishy—

METTERNICH.

I—

FLAMBEAU.

Who let this braggart pass? The Mameluke?

METTERNICH.

The Mameluke?

# L ' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

All's going to the dogs!

METTERNICH.

But—

FLAMBEAU.

You here in the ante-room at night!

METTERNICH.

But I—

FLAMBEAU.

You calmly cross the Rosa chamber  
Unchallenged by the sentinel on guard!

METTERNICH.

What?

FLAMBEAU.

When you ventured through the small rotunda,  
Was there no yatagan to shave your cheek?  
Were there no sergeants in the white saloon  
Brewing their punch upon the golden stove?  
No bristling veterans in the china-room?  
And in the galleries? The Grenadiers  
Saw you come strolling as a matter-of-course?  
A man may cross the oval cabinet  
And not be turned to mince-meat by Duroc?

METTERNICH.

The Marshal—?

FLAMBEAU.

Is the bulldog turned to lapdog?

METTERNICH.

I come here—

FLAMBEAU.

So the palace is an inn?  
And when you'd managed all the sentinels,  
Where were the rest? The porter? Gone to bed?

# L ' A I G L O N

The valet? Absent? And the secretary?  
Where was he hidden? In his own portfolio?

M E T T E R N I C H .

But I—

F L A M B E A U .

Instead of being after you,  
No doubt the Aide-de-Camp was after women!

M E T T E R N I C H .

But—

F L A M B E A U .

And the Moor was saying prayers to Allah?  
At any rate it's lucky I was here.  
What discipline! If he looks into this  
I'll bet my head he'll let the beggars know!

M E T T E R N I C H .

I'm going—

F L A M B E A U .

Ah! don't stir! You'll wake him!  
He's sleeping on his little bed of laurels.

M E T T E R N I C H .

[*Falling into an armchair.*]

Was never such a dream! 'Twill make an epic!

[*His hand touches the flame of one of the candles.*]  
Well, but this candle—

F L A M B E A U .

Burns.

M E T T E R N I C H .

[*Feeling the point of FLAMBEAU'S bayonet.*]

This weapon—

F L A M B E A U .

Stings!

M E T T E R N I C H .

Then I'm awake! I'm—

# L ' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

Hold your tongue!

METTERNICH.

And what of Waterloo?

FLAMBEAU.

Of water—what?

[*Listening.*]

The Emperor stirred.

METTERNICH.

The Emperor?

FLAMBEAU.

Oh, my stars!

Now you turn whiter than a bugler's horse!

METTERNICH.

It is the Duke of Reichstadt! I'm not scared!

It is the Duke! I'm sure of it!

FLAMBEAU.

The Emperor!

[*The DUKE enters, with the reading lamp in his hand.*]

METTERNICH.

Aha! 'Tis you! 'Tis you! It is your Highness!

Ah, but how glad I am!

THE DUKE.

[*Puzzled.*]

Why are you glad?

METTERNICH.

The joke was played so well, I really thought

Another might come out!

FLAMBEAU.

[*As if waking from a dream.*]

Faith, so did I!

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

[To FLAMBEAU.]

What's this?

FLAMBEAU.

My little joke.

METTERNICH.

[*Ringing.*]

Help!

THE DUKE.

Fly!

FLAMBEAU.

The window!

THE DUKE.

The sentinel will shoot you!

FLAMBEAU.

If he can.

THE DUKE.

Your livery!

METTERNICH.

[*Putting his foot on it.*]

No!

FLAMBEAU.

Bah!

[*Aside to the DUKE, while METTERNICH rings again.*]

I will seek my cavern.

THE DUKE.

But I—

FLAMBEAU.

The ball to-morrow!

THE DUKE.

Are you mad?

# L' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

You'll find me.

THE DUKE.

Quiet!

[FLAMBEAU goes out by the window.]

METTERNICH.

If he'd only break

His neck—He's singing!

THE DUKE.

[On the balcony.]

Hush!

FLAMBEAU'S VOICE.

My little joke!

[A shot is heard.]

THE DUKE.

Missed!

METTERNICH.

With what ease he finds his way about.

THE DUKE.

He knows it; he has been here once before.

METTERNICH.

[To the LACKEYS who show themselves at the door.]

Too late. Begone. I do not need your help.

[The LACKEYS disappear.]

THE DUKE.

And not a word of this to the police!

METTERNICH.

I never raise a laugh against myself.

What's the importance of a veteran's joke?

You're not Napoleon?

THE DUKE.

Who has settled that?

METTERNICH.

You have his hat, perhaps, but not his head!

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

Ah, yes, an epigram to damp my ardor.  
'Tis not the pin-prick this time, 'tis the lash  
That drives me headlong toward the wildest dreams.  
I've not the head, you say? How do you know?

METTERNICH.

[*Takes the candelabrum in his hand and leads the  
DUKE to the cheval glass.*]

How do I know? Just glance into this mirror.  
Look at the sullen sadness of your face,  
The grim betrayal of your fair complexion,  
This crushing golden hair—I bid you look!

THE DUKE.

[*Struggling to get out of his grasp.*]  
No!

METTERNICH.

You're environed with a fatal mist!

THE DUKE.

No!

METTERNICH.

Though you know it not, 'tis Germany,  
'Tis Spain, for ages dormant in your blood,  
Make you so haughty, sorrowful, and charming.

THE DUKE.

No! no!

METTERNICH.

Bethink you of your self-distrust!  
You—reign? Come, come! You would be pale and  
wan;  
One of those timid, introspective kings  
Who are imprisoned lest they abdicate.

THE DUKE.

No, no!



# L ' A I G L O N

M E T T E R N I C H .

Not yours the energetic brow!  
Yours is the brow of languor and of yearning.

T H E D U K E .

[*Shaking, passes his left hand across his brow.*]  
My—brow?

M E T T E R N I C H .

And drearily your Highness passes  
Over an Austrian brow a Spanish hand!

T H E D U K E .

My—hand?

M E T T E R N I C H .

Observe the frail and tapering fingers  
Seen fair and jewelled in long lines of portraits!

T H E D U K E .

No!

M E T T E R N I C H .

And those eyes through which your ancestors  
Look forth!

T H E D U K E .

The eyes—?

M E T T E R N I C H .

Ay! note them well! The eyes  
Wherein how many eyes we've seen before  
Dream of the fagot, weep for perished squadrons!  
Dare you, whose conscience is so sensitive,  
Ascend the throne of France with eyes like those?

T H E D U K E .

Ah! but my Father!—

M E T T E R N I C H .

Naught of him is in you!  
Search! Search again! Come closer to the light!  
He stole our ancient blood to mix with his,

# L' A I G L O N

That his might grow more ancient. But he stole  
Only the racial melancholy, and  
The feebleness, and—

THE DUKE.  
I beseech you!

METTERNICH. Look!

Look in the mirror! You turn pale?

THE DUKE. Enough!

METTERNICH.  
And on your lips you recognize the pout  
As of a doll, of Marie Antoinette,  
Her whom your France beheaded; for your Father,  
While stealing glory, stole mishap as well!  
Nay! raise the chandelier!

*[He forces the chandelier into the DUKE'S right  
hand, and holds him by that wrist.]*

THE DUKE.  
I am afraid.

METTERNICH.  
You cannot gaze into this glass at night,  
But all your race will gibber at your back!  
Look—in the gloom—that shade is Mad Johanna,  
And yonder Thing, that moves so deathly slow,  
Is the pale sovereign in his crystal coffin.

THE DUKE.  
No! 'Tis the radiant pallor of my Father!

METTERNICH.  
Yonder, recoiling, Rudolph and his lions!

THE DUKE.  
The clash of steeds and weapons! 'Tis the Consul!

# L ' A I G L O N

METTERNICH.

Lo! in a noisome crypt one fashions gold.

THE DUKE.

He fashions glory on the sands of Egypt.

METTERNICH.

Aha! Here's Charles the Fifth, with hair cropped close,  
Dying for having sought self-burial!

THE DUKE.

Help!

Father!

METTERNICH.

The Escorial! Grisly phantoms  
And frowning walls!

THE DUKE.

Ah, hither! smiling visions:  
Compiègne and Malmaison!

METTERNICH.

You see them! see them!

THE DUKE.

Roll, drums of Arcola, and drown his voice!

METTERNICH.

The mirror's teeming!

THE DUKE.

[*Twisting his wrist loose, but still holding the chandelier.*]

I will shatter it!

METTERNICH.

Others, and others yet, arrive!

THE DUKE.

[*Hurling the chandelier into the mirror.*]

'Tis shattered!

Not one remains! Not one!

# L' A I G L O N

METTERNICH.

[*Pointing at the DUKE with a terrible gesture.*]

Yes!—One!

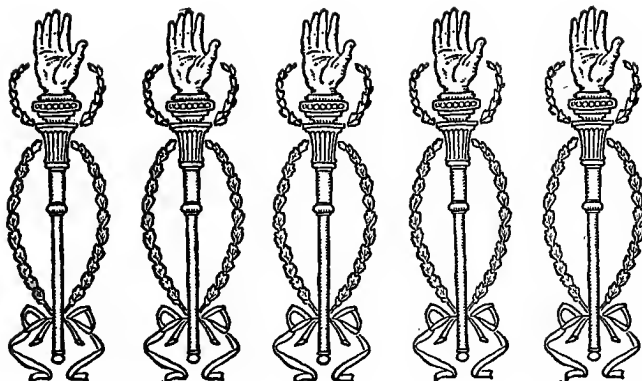
THE DUKE.

No, no!

It is not I! Not I!—My Father!—Help!

CURTAIN.





## THE FOURTH ACT

*The Park at Schönbrunn. Ruins of a Roman Arch in the centre, in front of which is a fountain. Entrances on the right and on the left. Towards the right, in front, is a pile of stones, parts of columns, a head of Neptune, a broken urn, the whole covered with ivy and shrubs. Orange-trees in boxes, bearing fruit and blossom, are dotted about, with lamps hanging in their foliage. At the rise of the curtain a gay throng of LORDS and LADIES in dominos and other disguises are moving about the stage.*

FIRST MASK.

WHO is the clown?

SECOND MASK.

Don't know.

[ 161 ]

# L' A I G L O N

THIRD MASK.

The Cardinal?

FIRST MASK.

Don't know.

SECOND MASK.  
The Punchinello?

THIRD MASK.

I don't know.

FOURTH MASK.

It's too delicious.

FIFTH MASK.

All incognito.

THE PUNCHINELLO.

[*To a lady in a domino.*]

Your ear—

THE DOMINO.

What for?

THE PUNCHINELLO.

Ah, hush! My secret!

FIRST MASK.

Watteau—

THE PUNCHINELLO.

[*To another DOMINO.*]

Your ear—

FIRST MASK.

Would have delighted in these figures—

THE DOMINO.

[*To the PUNCHINELLO.*]

• What for?

THE PUNCHINELLO.

Ah, hush! My secret!

FIRST MASK.

And these ruins.

# L' A I G L O N

A N O T H E R M A S K .

All is uncertain, tremulous, and vague—  
Our hearts, the music, moonbeams, and the water.

M E T T E R N I C H .

And so, dear Attaché of the French Embassy,  
Here I've contrived half-darkness and half-silence,  
And yonder in the music and the light  
The ball—

T H E A T T A C H É .

It's really—

M E T T E R N I C H .

Rather good, I think.

This way—

T H E A T T A C H É .

You condescend to be my guide?

M E T T E R N I C H .

Dear friend, I'm prouder of this little ball,  
Of having mingled all these courtly perfumes  
With the wild odors of the midnight woods,  
Than ever of the Congress of Verona.  
That is the vestiary and the way out  
So that in leaving you may find at once  
Your Polish mantle or your overcoat.  
Lastly, the theatre which I've contrived  
On yonder bowling-green, near Cupid's fountain,  
Where, in a set-piece made of natural foliage,  
Some princely amateurs will play " Michel  
And "—I don't know—some dainty little piece  
By a French author: Eugène—what's-his-name?

T H E A T T A C H É .

And—supper?

M E T T E R N I C H .

Here.

# L' A I G L O N

THE ATTACHÉ.

What?

METTERNICH.

Every box will blossom  
With snowy tablecloths and golden dishes.

THE ATTACHÉ.

The orange-trees?

METTERNICH.

My own idea. They'll bring  
All they can find. Under each leafy ball  
Two couples will be seated, starved and laughing.

THE ATTACHÉ.

Supper in short at separate orange-trees?  
Splendid.

METTERNICH.

Why, yes.—And as for grave affairs—

[To a LACKEY.]

Tell them to play no more Slavonic dances—

[To the ATTACHÉ.]

I do not put them off. Not I. I leave  
Ere supper-time to meet the Hospodars—  
They are awaiting me—

[To a LACKEY.]

Those wreaths are skimpy.  
My hobby's organizing balls like this;  
And when the revelry is at its highest  
Back to the everlasting Eastern Question!  
I love to rule a people and a ball:  
The Arbiter of Europe—

THE ATTACHÉ.

And its elegance!

GENTZ.

*Arbiter Elegantiarum!*



# L ' A I G L O N

METTERNICH.

Ah,  
You're talking Latin; you've been drinking?

GENTZ.

Rum.

METTERNICH.

Fanny has kept you very late at table;  
Oh, this *liaison!* you're as good as lost.

GENTZ.

What? I and Fanny? Off.

METTERNICH.

What?

GENTZ.

Off.

METTERNICH.

[*Seeing the Prefect of Police.*]

Sedlnizky.

SEDLNIZKY.

One word.

GENTZ.

[*To METTERNICH.*]

It's off.

[*To a DOMINO.*]

'Twas wrong to bring you, Fanny.  
If they discovered you! What an imprudence!  
A public dancer!

FANNY.

Oh, I'll dance discreetly.

GENTZ.

They'll find you out. For heaven's sake be clumsy.

METTERNICH.

A plot?

SEDLNIZKY.

Yes; for the Duke!—and at this ball!

# L ' A I G L O N

M E T T E R N I C H .

[*Lightly.*]

Here! you alarm me!

G E N T Z .

Be an angel, Fanny,  
And tell me why you wished to come.

F A N N Y .

Caprice.

M E T T E R N I C H .

I fear the Duke no more. I've killed his pride,  
And he's in mourning for it. He'll not come.

S E D L N I Z K Y .

But there's a plot!

M E T T E R N I C H .

Bah!

S E D L N I Z K Y .

Women—

M E T T E R N I C H .

Featherbrains.

S E D L N I Z K Y .

No! Noble ladies.

M E T T E R N I C H .

Really?

S E D L N I Z K Y .

Poles and Greeks:

Princess Grazalcowitch.

M E T T E R N I C H .

Grazalcowitch!

That's terrible!

[*To a LACKEY.*]

Pray let me have a sandwich.

# L' A I G L O N

SEDLNIZKY.

You laugh?—Hush!—Here they come. They've fled  
the light

And seek a nook to whisper in.

[*Enter several DOMINOS.*]

ONE OF THE DOMINOS.

My dear,

How sweet it is to run a risk for his sake.

SECOND DOMINO.

Let us conspire!

THIRD DOMINO.

His hair's such lovely auburn.

FOURTH DOMINO.

It's like a pretty little halo, dear,

Through which a regal crown is dimly seen.

FIFTH DOMINO.

He has a doubly-fascinating charm:—

A fair Napoleon! Hamlet dressed in white!

FIRST DOMINO.

Let us conspire!

SECOND DOMINO.

First, I suggest we order

A golden bee from Stieger in Vienna.

ANOTHER DOMINO.

Vienna! Why? That *would* be idiotic!

We'll have it made by Odiot in Paris.

FOURTH DOMINO.

I move we always wear with every dress

A very striking bunch of violets.

FIRST DOMINO.

That's it, Princess!

# L' A I G L O N

A N O T H E R D O M I N O .

And let us risk returning  
To Empire fashions.

S E C O N D D O M I N O .

For evening: not for day.

T H I R D D O M I N O .

Dear, don't forget the horrible short waists.

A L L .

And all the puffs!—and ruches!—Dearest!

M E T T E R N I C H .

Ladies—

A L L .

Good heavens!

M E T T E R N I C H .

Go on with your delicious plotting.  
Conspire! conspire! Ha-ha!  
*[He goes out, laughing heartily.]*

F I R S T D O M I N O .

And now

That thanks to idle chatter we've removed  
Whatever doubts Sedlnizky had aroused,  
We'll prove that after female Machiavellis  
The Metternichest Metternich's a baby.

A L L .

Yes!

F I R S T D O M I N O .

Each remembers what she has to do?

A L L .

Yes!

F I R S T D O M I N O .

Mingle with the dances.

[ 168 ]

# L' A I G L O N

SEVERAL MASKS.

[*Pursuing another.*]

He's so funny!

A MASK.

It must be Sandor!

A N O T H E R.

No! it's Fürstenberg!

A N O T H E R.

And who's the bear, dancing to Schubert's waltz?

A MASK.

What's sad Elvira's dress? A star?

G E N T Z.

A night-light.

A MASK.

Thecla, the hypocrite—?

G E N T Z.

Disguised as Truth.

T I B U R T I U S.

[*Entering with THERESA.*]

Not gone to Parma, sister?

T H E R E S A.

No. To-morrow.

The Duchess put it off to see this ball.

[*Pointing to a Domino who passes at the back accompanied by a Mask.*]

She's yonder with Bombelles: the greenish cape.

T I B U R T I U S.

I'm glad you're going, for *Noblesse oblige*;

I couldn't stand much more of those asides

Between the little Bonaparte and you.

T H E R E S A.

What?

# L ' A I G L O N

TIBURTIUS.

'Tis our glory that our ancestors  
Have not been over-prudish with our kings;  
It is no fall to pick up handkerchiefs  
When on the handkerchief a lily's broidered.  
But honor never will accept a rag  
Which bears the Bonapartist weed and hornet.  
Woe to the Ogre's brat—!

THERESA.

What!

TIBURTIUS.

If he touched you!

THERESA.

You use expressions, brother—

TIBURTIUS.

They are warnings.

A BEAR.

[*Passing with a Chinese woman.*]  
How do you know I am a diplomat?

THE CHINESE WOMAN.

Why, by the skilful way you hide your claws.

THE ATTACHÉ.

[*Pursuing FANNY.*]  
Is there no way of knowing who you are?  
Now, are you English?

FANNY.

*Ja.*

THE ATTACHÉ.

Or German?

FANNY.

*Oui.*

PROKESCH.

[*Entering with the DUKE.*]  
My Lord, is not the ball beyond compare?

# L' A I G L O N

THE PUNCHINELLO.

[*To a DOMINO.*]

Your ear—!

THE DOMINO.

What for?

THE PUNCHINELLO.

My secret! Hush!

[*To another DOMINO.*]

Your ear!

PROKESCH.

This corner's charming, given up to shadows—

THE CHINESE WOMAN.

[*To the BEAR.*]

What are you carrying on your arm?

THE BEAR.

My nose-ring.

PROKESCH.

Charming, those scattered blocks, the broken god,  
The ivied urn, and, in its frame of stone,  
Yonder the water. It is like—

THE DUKE.

A mirror!

PROKESCH.

What had Prince Metternich to say last night?

[*Seeing the DUKE unmask.*]

You take your mask off?

THE DUKE.

And, alas, that's all.

A stone.

PROKESCH.

What for?

THE DUKE.

To cast into the pond—

All's vanished. Only circles on the water.

# L' AIGLON

PROKESCH.

You are depressed, and yet to-night the plot  
Must come to a head if I may trust the symptoms.  
These lines were slipped into my hand this morning:

[*He takes a note out of his pocket.*]

“ Ask him to be there early, and to wear  
His uniform beneath a violet cloak.”

THE DUKE.

Oh, 'twere too criminal—

PROKESCH.

The note—

THE DUKE.

The note

Is from a woman anxious not to miss me.  
I've taken her advice, for I am here  
Only for love's adventure.

PROKESCH.

No!

THE DUKE.

That's all.

PROKESCH.

But then—the plot?

THE DUKE.

Oh, 'twere too criminal,  
Dear country, made of sunshine and of laughter,  
To raise upon the high seat of thy glory  
A child of night, misfortune, and the Escorial!  
What if, when I were seated there, the past,  
Plunging its yellow hands into my soul,  
With hideous claws unearthed some ancestor:  
Some Rudolph or some Philip? Ah! I dread  
Lest at the humming of Imperial bees  
The monster sleeping in me should awake.



# L' A I G L O N

PROKESCH.

[*Laughing.*]

Prince, this is madness!

THE DUKE.

[*With a shudder and a look which makes PROKESCH start back with horror.*]

Madness! Do you think so?

PROKESCH.

Good heavens!

THE DUKE.

Buried in their fastnesses,  
Cowering in Bohemia or Castile,  
Each had his madness. What is mine to be?  
Come! We'll decide! You see I am resigned.  
'Tis time to choose—and I have choice enough:  
My thoughtful forebears left a catalogue!  
Shall I be melomaniac or astrologer?  
Catch birds, bend o'er alembics, mumble prayers?

PROKESCH.

Too well I see what Metternich has done!

THE DUKE.

Grandfather, shall I carry on your great  
Herbarium, where the hellebore is missing?  
Or shall I, living, play at being dead?  
Which ancestor will godfather my madness?  
The living-dead, the alchemist, or bigot?  
You see, they took their madness rather sadly,  
But mingled perfumes make a novel scent;  
My brain, mixed of these gloomy brains, may start  
Some pretty little madness of its own.  
Come! What shall my peculiar madness be?  
By heavens! My instincts, conquered till to-day,  
Make it quite simple: I'll be mad with love!  
I'll love and love, and crush, with bitter hate,  
This Austrian lip under a passionate kiss!

# L' A I G L O N

P R O K E S C H .

Prince!

T H E D U K E .

As Don Juan I am all my race!  
Snarer of hearts, astrologer of eyes;  
I'll have herbaria full of blighted names,  
And the philosopher's stone I seek is love!

P R O K E S C H .

My Lord!

T H E D U K E .

Why, if you think of it, dear friend,  
Napoleon's son, Don Juan, is strict logic.  
The soul's the same: ever dissatisfied;  
The same unceasing lust of victory.  
Oh splendid blood another has corrupted,  
Who, striving to be Cæsar, was not able;  
Thy energy is not all dead within me.  
A misbegotten Cæsar is Don Juan!  
Yes, 'tis another way of conquering;  
Thus I shall know that fever of the heart  
Which Byron tells us kills whom it devours;  
And 'tis a way of being still my father.  
Napoleon or Don Juan!—They're decision,  
The magic will, and the seductive grace.  
When to retake a great unfaithful land,  
Calm and alone, sure of himself and her,  
The adventurer landed in the Gulf of Juan,  
He felt Don Juan's thrill; and when Don Juan  
Pricked a new conquest in his list of loves,  
Did he not feel the pride of Bonaparte?  
• • And, after all, who knows whether 'tis greater  
To conquer worlds, or be a moment loved?  
So be it! 'Tis well the legend closes thus,  
And that *this* conqueror is the other's son.  
I'm the fair shadow of the dusky hero,

# L ' A I G L O N

And, as he conquered nations, one by one,  
So will I conquer women, one by one.  
Moonbeams shall be my sun of Austerlitz!

PROKESCH.

Ah, silence! for your irony's too bitter.

THE DUKE.

Oh, yes; I know. I hear the spectres crying—  
Blue-coated spectres torn along the whirlwind—  
“ Well? What about the Imperial tale of triumph?  
Our toil? our wounds? our glory?—What about  
The snow, the blood, the history, the dead  
We left on all the fields of victory?  
What will you do with these? ”—I'll charm the ladies!  
It's fine, among the people in the Prater,  
To ride a horse that cost three thousand florins,  
Which one can christen Jena. Austerlitz  
Is a sure bait to catch a fair coquette.

PROKESCH.

You'll never have the heart to use it thus.

THE DUKE.

Why, yes; why, yes, my friend. And in my scarf—  
For 'tis a thing looks well upon a lover—  
I'll wear a dainty eaglet for a pin.  
There's music!—Now, O Cæsar's son, you're but  
Mozart's Don Juan! Nay, not even Mozart's!  
Strauss's! I'll waltz; for now I must become  
Charming and useless: Austrian fancy-goods!  
My aunt?—Why—!

PROKESCH.

Oh, not that!

THE DUKE.

I want to see—

[PROKESCH goes out.]

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

How deep the linden's perfume is to-night.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Notice my salver. I'm so proud of it.

THE DUKE.

You represent?

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

The "Chocolate-girl," the famous  
Picture in Dresden.

THE DUKE.

[*Affectedly.*] Cha'ming. But your chocolate  
Must be a nuisance.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

No.

THE DUKE.

Do put it down.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Well, Franz? A little bit in love with life?

THE DUKE.

Glad to be nephew of a pretty aunt.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

And I am glad to have so big a nephew.

THE DUKE.

Too pretty.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

And too big.

THE DUKE.

For such a game.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

What game?

THE DUKE.

The game of tender intimacy.

# L' A I G L O N

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

I fear your eyes to-night—!

THE DUKE.

But I love yours!

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Ah, now I see! As all the court is masked,  
Even friendship wears the domino of love.

THE DUKE.

Oh friendship—auntie with a cousin's eyes—  
Friendship and love are always much too near  
'Twixt aunts and nephews, god-sons and god-mothers—  
Oh! do but smell the fragrance of the lindens!—  
'Twixt pretty chocolate-girls and officers,  
And frontier incidents are bound to happen.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Our friendship's lost its bloom.

THE DUKE.

I dearly love

This sentiment one cannot understand,  
Where all's confused and mingled—

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

No, let be.

[*She moves away.*]

THE DUKE.

Oh, if you put on airs of an Archduchess—!

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Farewell; you've pained me deeply, Franz.

[*She goes.*]

THE DUKE.

Ah, bah!

Into our friendship I let fall a drop,  
And friendship turns to troubled love. I'll wait.

[*He sees THERESA.*]

# L ' A I G L O N

Why! What is this? How comes it you are here?  
So you're not hastening toward the skies of Parma?  
And all this grass? What are you?

T H E R E S A .

“ Little Brooklet.”

T H E D U K E .

Ah, yes, I know. An exile on his rock,  
My father had a brooklet for his friend  
To drown the gaoler's voice, and that is why  
At Schönbrunn, which is my Saint Helena,  
My soul must not be left deprived of comfort.  
Having the gaoler I've the brooklet too.

T H E R E S A .

But you will never stoop to look at me.

T H E D U K E .

Because I dreamed of flying from my rock;  
But that's all over.

T H E R E S A .

How?

T H E D U K E .

All hope is gone.

I wake from dreams.

T H E R E S A .

You suffer?

T H E D U K E .

Little Brooklet

Must give her murmuring freshness.

T H E R E S A .

Here it is.

T H E D U K E .

What if I trouble its waters?

T H E R E S A .

Trouble them.

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

Come to the little house among the trees—  
My hunting lodge—to-night!

THERESA.

I am to come—!

THE DUKE.

Say neither yes nor no.—I'll wait—

THERESA.

Alas!

THE DUKE.

Think how unhappy I shall henceforth be!  
I've lost all hope of playing a great part;  
I can but weep; I need a heart to weep on.  
Away!

A MASK.

[*Seeing a stout lady dressed as a shepherdess.*]

That shepherdess has eaten her flock!

THE BEAR.

If you'll but love me—

THE CHINESE WOMAN.

You will sell your skin?

A DOMINO.

[*Passing on GENTZ'S arm.*]

The Viscount's here as Doge in grand dalmatic.

GENTZ.

Then is the Baroness the Adriatic.

THE DUKE.

[*Who has scribbled a note; to a LACKEY.*]

This for my lackeys. I shall not come in.  
I'm sleeping at the hunting-lodge. Make haste!  
Let me have word they've read and understood.

THE LACKEY.

Nought else, my Lord?

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

To-morrow the bay mare.

FANNY ELSSLER.

His uniform beneath a—

THE DUKE.

[*Turning.*]

Violet cloak.

Prokesch! I said your note was from a woman!

FANNY.

[*Pointing to the ATTACHÉ, who has followed her.*]

Let me get rid of this importunate mask.

And I'll come back.

THE DUKE.

I'll wait. 'Tis fate. I yield.

I'll love, with stormy April in my heart.

I'll love—like these—like all!

BOMBELLES.

[*Who has come in with MARIA LOUISA. She sits on the stone bench.*]

Was he in love?

MARIA LOUISA.

What! must you still be harping on him?

BOMBELLES.

Yes.

THE DUKE.

My mother and Bombelles—!

BOMBELLES.

Speak!

MARIA LOUISA.

I don't know.

He was intimidated in my presence.

Even on his throne, beneath his golden laurels,

He felt his inequality of birth;



# L ' A I G L O N

And then, to keep a countenance, he'd call me  
His " Good Louisa." Yes! such shocking taste!  
For I love sentiment. I am a woman.

B O M B E L L E S .

And queen of all!

M A R I A L O U I S A .

A little thing I said  
When Saint Aulaire came to my room at Blois  
With news of his disasters, made them furious.  
I was in bed. My naked foot peeped out,  
And, lying on the polished wood, as if  
Thomire had carved it, seemed at once to turn  
The Medicean bed into an Empire bed.  
And seeing the Envoy furtively look down,  
I smiled and said, " You're looking at my foot."  
And so he was. In spite of all misfortunes,  
Indeed the man was looking at my foot.  
Was this coquettish? Well, what of it? Heavens!  
Where was the crime if I remained a woman?  
For, after all, amid the crash of France,  
The beauty of my foot had *some* importance!

T H E D U K E .

Would I could fly! but I am glued to the spot!

B O M B E L L E S .

What's the grey pebble in your bracelet?

M A R I A L O U I S A .

That?

Ah, I can never see it without tears.  
That is a fragment—

B O M B E L L E S .

Of the Pyramids?

M A R I A L O U I S A .

What nonsense! 'Tis a fragment of the tomb  
Where Juliet sleeps beside her Romeo—  
I had this souvenir—

# L' A I G L O N

BOMBELLES.

For pity's sake  
Don't mention Neipperg!

MARIA LOUISA.

If he irritates you,  
Why speak about the first?

BOMBELLES.

That's different,  
But did you love him?

MARIA LOUISA.

Whom?

BOMBELLES.

The—first.

MARIA LOUISA.

Again?

BOMBELLES.

So great a man! You must—

MARIA LOUISA.

Oh, as for that,

No man is ever loved because he's great.  
Let's talk of him no more: let's talk of us.  
Will you like Parma?

BOMBELLES.

Tell me, was he jealous?

MARIA LOUISA.

So much so that he drove away Leroy,  
Because the poor man-milliner cried out  
With admiration when he saw my shoulders,  
While trying on a peplum.

BOMBELLES.

Then Napoleon—

MARIA LOUISA.

Oh, hush!

# L' A I G L O N

BOMBELLES.

Would not have liked to hear me say  
How fair they are? Would not have liked—

MARIA LOUISA.

Bombelles!

BOMBELLES.

To hear me whisper to your Majesty—

THE DUKE.

Father, forgive me for the things I hear!

BOMBELLES.

That you are like our own Arlesian maids  
But, ah! how much more beautiful!—

MARIA LOUISA.

Oh, Charles!

BOMBELLES.

Would not have liked to see me bend and press—

THE DUKE.

[*Breaking in upon them.*]

Not that! I will not have it! I forbid you!—  
Thank God, I'm saved!

MARIA LOUISA.

Franz!

THE DUKE.

For this cry, this movement  
Were not my own. Within me still remains  
A reverence for my mother and her freedom!  
'Twas he—'Twas he by whom my soul's possessed,  
Who sprang upon you with this tragic force!  
Thank God! I'm saved! The Corsican leapt out!

BOMBELLES.

Sir—!

THE DUKE.

Nothing, sir!

[*To MARIA LOUISA.*]

My humble duty, Madam!

# L' A I G L O N

Return to Sala, spend your days in peace.  
The castle has two wings, as I am told:  
One is a theatre and one a chapel.  
Thus dwelling in the middle, you shall feel  
Evenly balanced 'twixt the world and God.  
My humble duty!

M A R I A L O U I S A .

Franz!

T H E D U K E .

Why, truly, Madam,  
It's your prerogative to be mere woman.  
Go, be a woman in the Sala palace;  
But tell yourself, Ah! tell yourself—and this  
Shall be your sad atonement for his glory,  
Widow who cast aside her widow's weeds!—  
Tell yourself this: Men only gaze upon you  
For the immortal fame he robed you in,  
And only whisper praises of your beauty  
Because of old he conquered all the world!

M A R I A L O U I S A .

I'll hear no more! Bombelles, let us begone!

T H E D U K E .

Return to Sala. I am saved. Thank God!

M A R I A L O U I S A .

Farewell!

T H E D U K E .

O hands, cold hands within the tomb,  
Sad hands because the Imperial ring slipped from you,  
Hands that have held her brow who years ago  
Shed bitter tears that I was not her son,  
Hands laid in blessing on my orphaned soul,  
Weeping I kiss you, hands of Josephine!

M A R I A L O U I S A .

The Creole! Do you think at Malmaison—?

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

Silence! If it be true, all the more reason!  
All the more reason why I should be faithful!

[*MARIA LOUISA and BOMBELLES go out.*]

[*Enter METTERNICH and SEDLNIZKY.*]

METTERNICH.

[*To SEDLNIZKY.*]

Yes, yes; I humbled that rebellious child!

[*He sees the DUKE.*]

You here? And in this uniform? What means?

THE DUKE.

Were we not asked to come here in—disguise?

SEDLNIZKY.

The pride your Excellency broke last night

Even in its fragments keeps its insolence.

[*To the DUKE.*]

What are you dreaming of, far from the ball,

My little Colonel?

THE DUKE.

Of my Little Corporal!

METTERNICH.

[*On the point of breaking out.*]

Oh, I—

[*Mastering himself.*]

But I must go to my despatches.

'Tis all to do again!

[*He and SEDLNIZKY go out.*]

[*Enter FANNY ELSSLER.*]

FANNY.

Prince!

THE DUKE.

No! that woman!

I will not—!

# L' A I G L O N

FANNY.

[*Unmasking.*]

Fly?

THE DUKE.

[*Recognizing her.*]

Fanny!

FANNY.

The plot!

THE DUKE.

What's that?

FANNY.

I'm in it. Let me tell you—

THE DUKE.

Ah!

FANNY.

Look innocent.

Sit down. Pretend you're very much in love.

You on the rock. I on the Neptune's head.

[*Speaking to the stone head.*]

May I sit down, good Neptune?

THE STONE HEAD.

If you like.

Only I warn you, it's all over ants.

FANNY.

Lord! Neptune's talking!

THE DUKE.

[*Understanding and remembering.*]

Ah! beneath the ivy!

FLAMBEAU.

The entrance to my cavern through an ant-heap.

THE DUKE.

You! Flambeau!

# L' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU  
In the cave of Rob—

MASKS.

Ho hi!

Hush! Masks!

MASKS.

Oh, very funny!

[*They pass out.*]

FLAMBEAU.  
—inson Crusoe!

THE DUKE.

What! Since last night?

FLAMBEAU.  
Oh, yes; I smoke my pipe—

THE DUKE.

There in the hole?

FLAMBEAU.  
You copied from the beggar

Who first invented bearskins, so they say,  
And had a funny Mameluke called Friday.

THE DUKE.

I cannot find the spot.

FLAMBEAU.  
It's on the right.

Here, where I blow a cloud out of my pipe.

FANNY.

The small Vesuvius!

THE DUKE.  
You must be—

FLAMBEAU.  
Uncomfortable.

But then—I said you'd find me at the ball.

# L' A I G L O N

FANNY.

If they should catch us talking to a smoke!

FLAMBEAU.

Ouch!

THE DUKE.

What's the matter?

FLAMBEAU.

An attack of ants.

Since yesterday we've had the bloodiest battles.

FANNY.

But—

FLAMBEAU.

They outnumber me, but I've tobacco.

I blow a blast—

THE DUKE.

You bring your heavy guns?

FLAMBEAU.

May I lift up my rock a bit?

THE DUKE.

Yes.

FLAMBEAU.

[*Seeing MASKS approaching.*]

Nuns!

THE DUKE AND FANNY.

Hush!

FLAMBEAU.

Now I look as if I took the air

On the tomb's balcony.

THE DUKE.

And in the moon

Beside the urn, uplifting thus the stone,

You're rising to the ghostly night-review.

FLAMBEAU.

I'm very hungry.





# L ' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

My double takes my place—

FANNY.

And openly

Leaves the assembly—

THE DUKE.

Sets me free of spies—

FANNY.

Goes home to Schönbrunn—

THE DUKE.

Locks the door with care—

FANNY.

Forgets to wake—

THE DUKE.

Till I am miles away.

Only—

FANNY.

What "only" is there?

THE DUKE.

Quite a big one.

Suppose the false Duke's spoken to?

FANNY.

Impossible.

It's all stage-managed like a ballet. Ladies

Will flutter round him, keep intruders off,

And as a ball from racket flies to racket

He'll pass from hand to hand until he's sate.

MASKS.

[*Running across at the back.*]

Who is the wolf? Wow! Wow! Who is the bear?

There! There!

FANNY.

You leave the Gardens—

# L ' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

By the Hietzing gate—

FANNY.

No.

THE DUKE.

Where, then?

FANNY.

Listeners. I fan myself.

Glance at your humble servant's pretty fan.

THE DUKE.

What for?

FANNY.

I've drawn a sketch-map of the park.

Observe the road; it's red; it makes a bend;

Do you see? The little squares of white are statues;

The little dots of apple-green are trees;

Thus you elude the evil-minded spies;

Turn to the left; pass by the pheasantry—

THE DUKE.

What are the scratches?

FANNY.

Where the hill goes up.

Then you go down again; pass by the Triton

And come out Emperor at this little gate.

All clearly understood?—I shut my fan.

THE DUKE.

Emperor!

FLAMBEAU.

That's right. Get out your robes and crown!

Don't go so fast!

THE DUKE.

What's at the gate?

FANNY.

A cab.

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

A cab?

FANNY.

With spanking horses; have no fear.

THE DUKE.

Where does it take me?

FANNY.

To the rendezvous.

THE DUKE.

Where's that?

FANNY.

Out of your way, but so the Countess

Would have it:—Wagram.

THE DUKE.

What a Bonaparte!

FANNY.

Well? Are you pleased?

THE DUKE.

Dear little Tanagra,

I'll recompense your zeal—

FANNY.

Ungrateful monster!

THE DUKE.

And Prokesch?

FANNY.

He'll be waiting for you there.

THE DUKE.

The only man whose eye we had to fear—

Prince Metternich—has left. All will go well.

FLAMBEAU.

Metternich gone! You never said a word!

THE DUKE.

Well—

# L' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

And you let me catch my death, beneath  
This beastly urn—!

FANNY.

Masks coming!

MASKS.

Sandor! Zichy!

It's Thalberg!—Never!—Thalberg is a Turk!  
It's Cocica!—Not he!—He's fled!—Oh! catch him!

FLAMBEAU.

Gone?

THE DUKE AND FANNY.

Gone.

FLAMBEAU.

[*Emerging, dressed as in the previous act.*]

Then—

THE DUKE AND FANNY.

Are you mad?

FLAMBEAU.

We'll shut the trap.

THE DUKE.

But if they see you—!

FANNY.

Vanish! This is frightful!

THE DUKE.

What will they say?

FLAMBEAU.

I'll tell you what they'll say—

MASKS.

[*Seeing* FLAMBEAU.]

And this one! Oh! a veteran of the Empire!

FLAMBEAU.

[*To the* DUKE.]

Well, there you are, you see! That's what they'll say.

# L' A I G L O N

M A S K S.

Capital! Capital!

F L A M B E A U.

I take my ease.

A M A S K.

[*To another.*]

Come and admire the veteran!

T H E O T H E R.

First rate!

T H I R D M A S K.

Look at his earrings!

F O U R T H M A S K.

And his bushy eyebrows!

F L A M B E A U.

But how shall I get out without a cloak?

F A N N Y.

Here's Gentz's ticket: such a handsome mantle.

A M A S K.

Hail, Veteran!

F L A M B E A U.

The honor's mine.

[*The USHER enters, followed by SERVANTS who push on orange-trees, the boxes laid as tables.*]

T H E U S H E R.

Make room!

T H E L A C K E Y.

[*Who took the DUKE's note.*]

They understand, my Lord. The hunting-lodge.

F A N N Y.

What's that?

T H E D U K E.

I had forgotten. I gave orders—

I was to spend the night there. Warn the Countess.

Run! Run and say 'tis thither she must go!

[*FANNY goes out quickly.*]



The Duke de Reichstadt

Francesco Duke Reichstadt





# L ' A I G L O N

A M A S K .

[To FLAMBEAU.]

Well, Sergeant? So you served—

FLAMBEAU.

The gr-reat—

SEVERAL MASKS.

[Laughing.]

The gr-reat!

FLAMBEAU.

They didn't laugh when we were quartered on 'em!

EXCLAMATIONS.

A picture by Raffet!—Charlet!—Vernet!

SEVERAL MASKS.

How worn his coat is!—And how singed!—And  
dusty!—

Who's your costumier?—Tell us!

FLAMBEAU.

They are ladies:—

The ancient firm of War and Victory Sisters.

A M A S K .

That's good.

FLAMBEAU.

It's not the firm you patronize.

FIRST MASK.

I'll swear it's Zichy.

[Offering his hand.]

Count, your hand.

FLAMBEAU.

[Blowing a puff of smoke in his face.]

Get out.

FIRST MASK.

[Going out, to the others.]

He's masked his language as he's masked his face.

FLAMBEAU.

[Singing.]

When we marched to Krasnoi,  
Cold and hungry, too, were we!

# L ' A I G L O N

A M A S K .

He's really excellent. In Russia, old 'un,  
'Twas pretty cold?

F L A M B E A U .

Yes; till we gave 'em hell.

[Sings.]

By Jingo, but it keeps you warm  
Merely to see his uniform!

A M A S K .

His uniform wants patching now, though; what?

F L A M B E A U .

So did your breeches when he'd kicked you; what?

S E V E R A L .

Ha! Very funny!

F I R S T M A S K .

Natural.

S E C O N D M A S K .

Exact.

T H I R D M A S K .

But doubtful taste.

T H E U S H E R .

The comedy's begun!

F A N N Y .

[To the DUKE.]

I'm back again. The Countess understands.

F L A M B E A U .

[To THERESA.]

Will you accept a veteran's arm?

T H E R E S A .

No.

F L A M B E A U .

Why?

# L ' A I G L O N

T H E R E S A .

I'm leaving, sir. Apart from that, I'm French,  
And see no humor in a parody  
Of heroes whom by chance you conquered.

F L A M B E A U .

You—

Ah! I adore you!

*[She runs away. Just as she is disappearing the  
DUKE makes a movement toward her.]*

T H E D U K E .

Ah!—the tryst.

T H E R E S A .

The tryst—?

T H E D U K E .

No—nothing.

*[THERESA passes on.]*

She must keep it. She must show  
Whether she would have been sublimely weak,  
And given herself unthinking—without hope—  
Only because she saw me sad to-night.

F A N N Y .

*[To FLAMBEAU.]*

Watch where they've got to in the comedy.

*[FLAMBEAU goes to the entrance of the theatre.]*

*[To the DUKE.]*

The time has come.

F L A M B E A U .

All eyes are running over  
With grief for Stanislas, the mournful Pole.

F A N N Y .

Here is the Countess, Duke.

T H E D U K E .

My very image!

I'm coming toward myself as in a glass.

*[The COUNTESS CAMERATA enters, dressed ex-  
actly like the DUKE, with the exception of her  
cloak, which is brown.]*

# L' A I G L O N

THE COUNTESS.

Well met, Napoleon!

THE DUKE.

And Napoleone!

THE COUNTESS.

I'm very calm—and you?

THE DUKE.

I see the risks

You'll run for my sake.

THE COUNTESS.

Not for your sake.

THE DUKE.

Ah?

THE COUNTESS.

No! For the name, the glory, and our blood!

THE DUKE.

You bravely clash your arms, fair Amazon!

THE COUNTESS.

The deed were nothing, were it done for love.

THE DUKE.

Speaking of love, if, when you've taken my place  
In yonder hunting-lodge, by any chance  
A woman came—

THE COUNTESS.

Ah! I felt sure of it!

THE DUKE.

Tell her about my flight—and swear to me—

FLAMBEAU.

[*At the entrance to the theatre, describing the play.*]  
The soldier holds his tongue!

THE COUNTESS.

Good.

# L' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

Doesn't murmur.

THE DUKE.

Swear you will tell me later if she comes.

THE COUNTESS.

Thinking of hearts, when Empire is at hand!

THE DUKE.

It is because I mount a throne to-morrow  
I lay such value on a heart to-night.  
O God! to feel respect in every kiss,  
Snares in avowals, in embraces dread,  
And in fair eyes, more dazzled than in love,  
See laurel-wreaths about me as on coins!  
I was to pluck my last real love to-night!

FLAMBEAU.

[*As before.*]

He's telling them about his pocket-book.

THE DUKE.

I would she kept this white and spotless tryst,  
She who has not yet studied to dissemble;  
'Twere well she came, for nevermore, perchance,  
Whatever later trysts I yet may keep,  
Shall I be waiting with such eager love,  
As at the tryst to-night I may not keep.

THE COUNTESS.

I find your Highness very deeply stirred.

THE DUKE.

Less than I shall be if you say "She came."

FLAMBEAU.

[*As before.*]

We must make haste, for with his eyes turned up,  
He's singing something to his colonel.

THE COUNTESS.

Change!

# L' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

Wait for the signal. Have no fear; I'm watching.  
Attention! By the magic of my wand!

THE COUNTESS.

Think well! Perhaps you turn him into Cæsar!

FLAMBEAU.

That's why my wand is fashioned of a ramrod.

[*Noise of people leaving the theatre.*]

They're coming! Now!

[*The DUKE and the COUNTESS exchange cloaks.*]

MASKS AND DOMINOS.

[*Entering.*]

They've dressed the orange-trees!

ALL.

Oh!

FANNY.

[*To the DUKE, pointing to the COUNTESS.*]

There's our swarm of women buzzing round him.

LADIES.

[*Around the false DUKE.*]

Prince!—Duke—! My Lord—! Your Highness—!

GENTZ.

No one else

Has any chance to-night!

CRIES.

[*From the tables.*]

Sandor! Zichy! Mina!

THE DOMINO CALLED MINA.

How did you know me?

A MASK.

By your opal necklace.

ANOTHER MASK.

We'll gather oranges for our dessert.

# L ' A I G L O N

A L A D Y .

[*To the false DUKE.*]

Duke—

M A S K S .

Danube sterlets! Caviar from the Volga!

[*All are seated.*]

G E N T Z .

[*Rising, glass in hand.*]

Ladies and gentlemen—

A L L .

Hear! Hear!

T H E D U K E .

Now comes

The trying moment.

G E N T Z .

I have filled this bumper

In honor—

T H E D U K E .

She is going—

G E N T Z .

Of our friend,

Who, having organized the feast, has left us

Amid the music, flowers, delicious ices,

To toil till dawn dictating his despatches.

F A N N Y .

How well she imitates your careless stride!

G E N T Z .

To the Prince-chancellor, Counsellor, Chamberlain,

Ladies and gentlemen, drain brimming glasses!

Metternich, Austrian Prince, Grandee of Spain,

Duke of Portella, Lord of Daruvar—

F A N N Y .

She's coming forward! Look how calm she is!

G E N T Z .

Knight of Saint Ann—

# L' A I G L O N

FANNY.

He helps us with his chatter,  
And doesn't know it.

GENTZ.

Knight o' the Swedish Seraphs,  
The Danish Elephant, the Golden Fleece—

FLAMBEAU.

If Nepomuk has one or two more titles—

GENTZ.

Curator of the Fine Arts, Czechish Magnate—

THE DUKE.

She's over-doing it: I move more quickly.

GENTZ.

Bailiff of Malta—

THE DUKE.

Ha! She stops!

GENTZ.

Grand Cross  
Of Charles the Third, the Falcon, Bear, and Lion—  
Phew—!

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

[*To the LADY seated next to GENTZ.*]

He's fainting! Fan him quickly, someone!

GENTZ.

Fellow of all the Academies on earth—!

ALL.

Hurrah!

FLAMBEAU.

And while they clash their glasses, Prince,  
She's starting—she has started—

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

[*To the false DUKE.*]

Franz! Not going?



# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.  
All's lost!

FLAMBEAU.  
Damnation!

THE ARCHDUCHESS.  
[*To the false DUKE.*]

Wait!

THE DUKE.  
The Archduchess  
Knew nothing of the plot—

THE ARCHDUCHESS.  
You grieved me, Franz;  
Just now you—

[*She recognizes the COUNTESS.*]

Ah!

THE DUKE.  
All's lost.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.  
But—  
[*Offering her hand to the COUNTESS.*]  
Well, good-night.

THE COUNTESS.  
Ah, Madam—How—?

THE ARCHDUCHESS.  
Why don't you kiss my hand?  
[*The COUNTESS goes out.*]

A MASK.  
The Duke already gone?

A N O T H E R.  
He's whimsical.

THE DUKE.  
[*Meaningly, to the ARCHDUCHESS.*]  
Your hand—as to the Duke?

# L' A I G L O N

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Yes, gentle mask.

GENTZ.

And now—

SEVERAL.

Again?

GENTZ.

One word—

VOICES.

Oh, go ahead!

GENTZ.

I wanted to complete my little toast,  
But while the Duke was here I couldn't name  
The proudest title Metternich can boast of;  
But now we're rid of him, I have the honor:—  
Ladies and gentlemen, here's the destroyer  
Of Bonaparte!

ALL.

Hurrah!—To the Destroyer!

THE DUKE.

[To FLAMBEAU.]

What are you doing?

FLAMBEAU.

[Who is pouring his wine into his gun-barrel.]

Lest it might go off!

A MASK.

This Bonaparté—

SECOND MASK.

Wasn't marble.

THIRD MASK.

Stucco.

THE DUKE.

What!

FLAMBEAU.

Have a care! An Empire is at stake!



# L' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

Go on!

THE DUKE.

Oh, that's the rule.

What could these worms and insects talk about  
If they had not the eagle to abuse?

TIBURTIUS.

His name was not Napoleon at all.

FLAMBEAU.

What!

TIBURTIUS.

That was manufactured. It's so simple!  
You want to make a sounding name—

FLAMBEAU.

You idiot!

TIBURTIUS.

Which shall creep into history by and by:  
Take three bright, simple vowels: Na—po—le—  
And add a nasal sound: On—

A MASK.

Wonderful!

TIBURTIUS.

Yes: Na—po—le, the lightning; On, the thunder.

FLAMBEAU.

That's all!

A MASK.

What was his name?

TIBURTIUS.

What? Don't you know?

A MASK.

Why, no.

TIBURTIUS.

His name was Nicholas.

# L' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

[*Bursting out.*]

Be damned!

SEVERAL MASKS.

[*Laughing.*]

Bravo the Veteran!

GENTZ.

[*To FLAMBEAU.*]

Nicholas!—Have a quail.

FLAMBEAU.

[*Taking the dish.*]

But Nicholas was good at winning battles.

A MASK.

And what a funny court he scraped together!

SECOND MASK.

If you talked titles, pedigrees, precedence,  
There wasn't a soul who had a word to say.

FLAMBEAU.

Wasn't Cambronne at Court to say the word?

A MASK.

But—in war—

FLAMBEAU.

Oh—!

SECOND MASK.

What did he do?

ANOTHER MASK.

Why, wrote reports.

A MASK.

And always stood about on distant hills.

FLAMBEAU.

By God—!

THE DUKE.

Hush!

# L' A I G L O N

TIBURTIUS.

Once a ball was good enough  
To wound him in the foot at Ratisbon:  
Enough to make a subject for a picture.

FLAMBEAU.

[*To the DUKE.*]

Be calm—!

THE DUKE.

Be calm—!

FLAMBEAU.

Just take away this knife.

TIBURTIUS.

In short—

THE DUKE.

He'd best be careful what he says.

FLAMBEAU.

You must put up with it!

THE DUKE.

Not for an Empire!

TIBURTIUS.

In short this hero was—

FLAMBEAU.

Take care! Take care!

TIBURTIUS.

He was a coward.

THE DUKE.

Oh!

THE FRENCH ATTACHÉ.

No! That's a lie!

ALL.

Eh? What?

TIBURTIUS.

What's that?

[ 208 ]

# L' A I G L O N

ALL.

Who spoke?

GENTZ.

I love a quarrel!

FLAMBEAU.

Aha! Thank God, there was a man among them!

TIBURTIUS.

Who dared—?

THE ATTACHÉ.

I dared, sir!

GENTZ.

He's the Attaché

Of the French Embassy.

TIBURTIUS.

*You challenge me!*

You represent the King, sir!

GENTZ.

Quite amusing!

THE ATTACHÉ.

The King is not in question, but my country.  
You are insulting France, when you insult  
The man she loved through many glorious years.

TIBURTIUS.

Bûonaparté—

THE ATTACHÉ.

Please say Bonaparte.

TIBURTIUS.

Well, Bonaparte—

THE ATTACHÉ.

The Emperor!

TIBURTIUS.

Your card?

# L' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

*[Who has disappeared for a moment, and has come back cloaked.]*

Come! I've got Gentz's cloak. It's lined with fur.

*[TIBURTIUS and the ATTACHÉ have exchanged cards. TIBURTIUS steps forward and nervously lights a cigar.]*

TIBURTIUS.

*[To a LACKEY.]*

A light.

THE LACKEY.

You hate the Corsican?

TIBURTIUS.

What's that?

THE LACKEY.

Your sister loves his son. Would you surprise them?

TIBURTIUS.

When?

THE LACKEY.

Now.

TIBURTIUS.

Where?

THE LACKEY.

Where I know—

TIBURTIUS.

Wait for me here.

Austria shall be relieved.

THE DUKE.

*[Placing his hand on the ATTACHÉ's shoulder.]*

I thank you, sir.

THE ATTACHÉ.

*[Turning.]*

What for, sir?



# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

Hush.

THE ATTACHÉ.

The Duke!

THE DUKE.

A plot.

THE ATTACHÉ.

Amazement!

THE DUKE.

I've nothing but my secret. Now it's yours.

We meet to-night at Wagram. *Be* there.

THE ATTACHÉ.

II

THE DUKE.

Are you not one of us?

THE ATTACHÉ.

I am the King's.

THE DUKE.

But you're to fight a duel for my Father.

And so we're somewhat brothers. Fare-you-well.

THE ATTACHÉ.

You hope to win me?

THE DUKE.

I am sure to win you.

Did not my Sire win Philippe de Ségur?

THE ATTACHÉ.

To-morrow I return to France. I warn you—

THE DUKE.

You are a future Marshal of the Empire.

THE ATTACHÉ.

I warn you, if my regiment meets yours

I shall not hesitate to fire.

# L' AIGLON

THE DUKE.

Of course not.

Shake hands before we cut each other's throats.

THE ATTACHÉ.

If you have any messages for Paris,  
I get there on the fourth; I should be happy—

THE DUKE.

I hope to be there, sir, ahead of you.

THE ATTACHÉ.

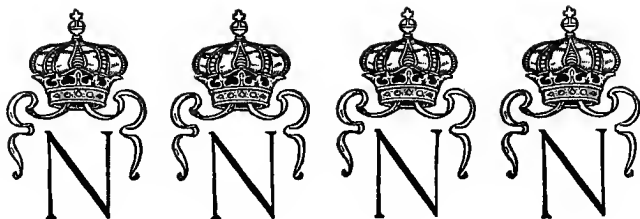
Yet, if I reach the—kingdom—ere you come?

THE DUKE.

Salute for me the Column of Vendôme!

CURTAIN.





## THE FIFTH ACT

*The battlefield of Wagram. Night. A small hill running off toward the left. A signpost stands on the hill.*

*The DUKE is standing on the summit of the hill gazing across the battlefield. PROKESCH and FLAMBEAU are talking together in undertones near the front.*

FLAMBEAU.

WAGRAM!

THE DUKE.

[*Dreaming.*]

“My son shall reign—a mighty sovereign—”

FLAMBEAU.

Capital bit of country for the harvest.

THE DUKE.

“His task to foster whatsoe'er is good.”

FLAMBEAU.

What solemn prayer is he reciting?

PROKESCH.

Hush!

THE DUKE.

“Complete my work, and not avenge my death—  
All patriots—”

[*To PROKESCH.*]

The horses?

# L' A I G L O N

PROKESCH.

No, not yet.

THE DUKE.

"He would but ape me, if he made great wars—"

PROKESCH.

He is rehearsing all his Father's counsels.

FLAMBEAU.

Hush!

THE DUKE.

"He shall scorn all parties—"

[To PROKESCH.]

Well? The horses.

PROKESCH.

Too soon, my Lord.

THE DUKE.

Like an impatient lover

I've come too early to my tryst with France.

[*He takes a few strides and finds himself in front of a sign-post.*]

Their sign-post! Is it true that I shall move

Unhindered by their hideous black and yellow?

How good to read upon the gleaming white

"Road to Saint Cloud" instead of "Grosshofen."

Grosshofen? Now I think of it, I ordered

My regiment to Grosshofen at dawn.

FLAMBEAU.

What!

THE DUKE.

Yes; I gave the order yesterday,

Before I knew.

FLAMBEAU.

We shall be far away.

[*An old man comes out of the cottage.*]

THE DUKE.

Who's that?

# L ' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

He's ours. His hut our meeting-place.  
Old soldier. Shows the battle-field to strangers.

THE OLD MAN.

There—on the left—

FLAMBEAU.

No, thanks. I know it.

THE DUKE.

Why

Does he serve us?

THE OLD MAN.

I was dying yonder ;

The great Napoleon passed—

THE DUKE.

He always rode.

Over a battle-field.

THE OLD MAN.

The Emperor stopped

And had me cared for by his leach—

THE DUKE.

Ivan.

THE OLD MAN.

So, if his son is weary of Vienna,

I'll help him go.—My arm—before his eyes!

FLAMBEAU.

It isn't everybody has the honor

Of having limbs off in Napoleon's presence.

THE OLD MAN.

'Twas war-time ; so we fought.

FLAMBEAU.

We died.

THE OLD MAN.

*We died.*

# L ' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

We marched.

THE OLD MAN.

*We* marched.

FLAMBEAU.

We fired into the haze.

THE OLD MAN.

*We* fired.

FLAMBEAU.

Some grimy officer rode up,  
And roared, "We've conquered!"

THE OLD MAN.

So he roared to us.

FLAMBEAU.

What?—So he did.

[*Pointing to the DUKE.*]

Suppose he heard!

THE DUKE.

I hear.

THE OLD MAN.

Bah! My geraniums flourish.

FLAMBEAU.

Shouldn't wonder.

For on this spot eleven drummer-boys—

THE DUKE.

Eleven drummer-boys—?

FLAMBEAU.

I see them now!

Eleven bullet-heads, as like as peas,  
Between the flapping of their foolish ears,  
Who marched, they knew not whence, nor why, nor  
whither,

But gayly marched and rolled their rataplan!  
We used to chaff them, for their funny ways

# L' A I G L O N

Made them the darlings of the sutler's wife.  
But when they beat the charge like little rabbits—  
Eleven drums with two-and-twenty sticks—  
They set our bayonets thrilling with their thunder ;  
The quivering zigzags seemed to cry aloud,  
“ Our lightning's not in vain ! ”—Well, on this spot,  
A brazen devil hiccoughed fire and steel  
And took them in the flank ; yes ! all the eleven !  
But, by the Lord ! you should have seen the woman !  
She gathered up her apron like a gleaner,  
And madly gleaned the little ebony drumsticks.

[*He clears his throat.*]

Only to speak of it gives me a cold—!

[*He picks a red geranium.*]

Here's how to make a mere geranium .

A ribbon of the Legion : keep one petal.

What ? You look well upon my velvet lining ?

[*To the DUKE.*]

Is this what you bestowed upon me, Sire ?

T H E D U K E .

I gave a phantom—

F L A M B E A U .

And I wear a flower !

T H E D U K E .

[*Seeing the conspirators enter.*]

Those shadows—?

M A R M O N T .

Friends.

T H E D U K E .

[*Turning.*]

Marmont ?

M A R M O N T .

Good luck, my Lord !

# L' A I G L O N

T H E D U K E .

Why do the others stand so far away?

M A R M O N T .

Because they fear they may disturb your Highness,  
And, Sire, you are already Emperor!

T H E D U K E .

The word strikes strangely on my wondering ear—  
The Emperor! What Emperor is here?

This youth of twenty on the throne?  
As through a casement now myself I see  
Pass down the shouting street; 'tis good to be  
Young, and the first Napoleon's son!  
All Notre Dame invades my dreaming soul,  
I see the incense, hear the organ roll,  
A nation offers up a prayer!  
God! what great causes may be served by kings!  
How they can love! Achieve what righteous things!  
Prokesch, the Future shows too fair!  
O France, who with thy blood didst write our name,  
With happy days I will repay the fame;  
I come, triumphant in my pride.  
Sun on my flags; the air with shouts is rent.  
The Champs Elysées, with their chestnut scent,  
Waft me fair welcome as I ride.

F L A M B E A U .

The women stand on chairs to see your face,  
Each the fair symbol of Parisian grace,  
The guns in wreaths of flowers are dressed;  
Fierce Paris madly hails your sovereignty.

T H E D U K E .

It were like kissing France upon the lip  
If Paris took me to her breast.

F L A M B E A U .

And you will hear the sufferer's complaint;



# L' A I G L O N

Do you not feel your hand already faint  
Signing so many an amnesty?

T H E D U K E .

The lies they've told me make the truth more dear,  
Oh, Freedom; Freedom, thou hast nought to fear  
From one so late from bonds set free!

What can I do to foster noble aims?

Treviso, Montebello, these are names

Their sons inherit without fear,

But other names are glorious, and since

My Father would have made Corneille a Prince

I'll make our Victor Hugo Peer!

I'll do—I'll do—I'll be the poor man's shield!

The heroic savour, rising from this field,

Gives me a foretaste of my home;

Wagram! 'Twas well I hither came to drain

The stirrup-cup upon thy glorious plain!

Oh, my beloved France!—I come—!

Ah—!

F L A M B E A U .

What is it?

T H E D U K E .

Nothing.

P R O K E S C H .

You are suffering!

T H E D U K E .

Yes, to the marrow, but a gallop cures me.

Stars twinkle in the skies like golden rowels,

Here are the steeds, and we're to ride to France!

Embrace me, friend!

P R O K E S C H .

Emotion strangles me.

T H E D U K E .

Brother!

# L' A I G L O N

PROKESCH.

My Lord!

THE DUKE.

Ah, hush!—The saddle-girth!—  
Oh, it's delicious to escape on horseback  
Through such a night, in dancing-pumps!

PROKESCH.

[*To MARMONT, pointing to the Conspirators.*]

Those youths—  
Why have they come?

MARMONT.

Why, that the world may know  
They also were conspirators!

THE DUKE.

A whip!

A CONSPIRATOR.

[*Introducing himself to the DUKE.*]

The Viscount of Otranto—

THE DUKE.

Fouché's son!

FLAMBEAU.

[*To the DUKE.*]

No matter now.

[*Arranging the horse.*]

The stirrup long?

THE DUKE.

No; short.

SECOND CONSPIRATOR.

[*Bending low to the DUKE.*]

Goubeaux, the Countess Camerata's agent.

Your humble servant Goubeaux—

THE DUKE.

Very well.

# L' A I G L O N

G O U B E A U X .

[*Bowing once more.*]

The Countess's chief agent.

T H I R D C O N S P I R A T O R .

[*Advancing eagerly.*]

Pionnet—

I'm Pionnet. I represent King Joseph;  
On his behalf I brought the subsidies.

T H E D U K E .

[*To FLAMBEAU, busy with the horse.*]

Only the snaffle—

F O U R T H C O N S P I R A T O R .

I arranged the guides

And relays, and at yonder village, Sire,  
Disguises—Morchain.

F L A M B E A U .

All right, Whatsyourname.

F O U R T H C O N S P I R A T O R .

Morchain!

F I F T H C O N S P I R A T O R .

I got the passports. Thankless task!  
See how the seals are forged! Guibert.

A L L .

[*Each mentioning his name.*]

Goubeaux—

Morchain—Otranto—Pionnet—

F L A M B E A U .

We know.

O N E O F T H E C O N S P I R A T O R S .

Your Father had a memory for names.

S I X T H C O N S P I R A T O R .

[*Hurrying up.*]

Borowski, Sire! It was my glorious task  
To hire the uniform the Countess wears!

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

Enough! Enough! I shall remember all,  
And best of all the one who has not spoken!  
Your name?

[*The man spoken to turns, and the DUKE recognizes the ATTACHÉ.*]

What! *You* here!

THE ATTACHÉ.

Not as partisan.

Only as friend. Indeed no slight occasion  
Was needed—

FLAMBEAU

[*To the DUKE.*]

Mount!

THE DUKE.

The dawn is in the east,  
I seize the reins, and—*Alea jacta est!*

THE ATTACHÉ.

My Lord, if I have sought this rendezvous,  
'Twas to defend you—

THE DUKE.

To defend me, sir?

THE ATTACHÉ.

I feared you were in danger—

THE DUKE.

Danger?—What?

THE ATTACHÉ.

The rogue Tiburtius, whom I hope to pink,  
Sneaked from the ball and never sent his seconds,  
So I ran after him, and saw him meet  
Another rogue, and heard the two conspire  
To kill you at some rendezvous.

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

The Countess!

THE ATTACHÉ.

The rendezvous was here, as you had told me.

I came. All's well. I go.

THE DUKE.

The rendezvous

Was in the hunting-lodge. They'll kill the Countess!

We must go back!

ALL.

No! No!

A CONSPIRATOR.

Oh, why?

MARMONT.

The Countess—?

PROKESCH.

She can unmask.

THE DUKE.

Alas, you little know her.

She'd die ten times to let me win ten minutes.

Come back!

VOICES.

No!

THE DUKE.

But I cannot—Ah, come back!—

I cannot let them kill her in my absence!

OTRANTO.

Our efforts wasted!

MARMONT.

If we re-conspire

They will not let you fly.

ANOTHER CONSPIRATOR.

And France?

# L' A I G L O N

A N O T H E R .

The Empire?

Back!

T H E D U K E .

M A R M O N T .

Forward!

T H E D U K E .

Back!

M A R M O N T .

You cast away the crown!

T H E D U K E .

To leave her were to cast my soul away!

M A R M O N T .

One sometimes has to sacrifice—

T H E D U K E .

A woman?

M A R M O N T .

Risk—for a woman—all the chance of triumph—!

F L A M B E A U .

He's a French Prince! That's certain, anyhow!

O T R A N T O .

We must abduct him!

F L A M B E A U .

Back!

O T R A N T O .

My coach is here.

F L A M B E A U .

I'll run you through the body if you touch him!

T H E D U K E .

Back! or with whip uplifted I will charge  
After the fashion of Murat, my uncle!

P R O K E S C H .

Stand back!

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.  
Help, Prokesch!

VOICES.  
We shall have to force him.

THE DUKE.  
[*To the ATTACHÉ.*]  
And you, who say you came in my defence,  
It is by robbing me of faith and scruple,  
They would assassinate me truly! Now, defend me!

THE ATTACHÉ.  
No, Sire! begone!

THE DUKE.  
What, *you!* this base advice?

THE ATTACHÉ.  
Go, Sire, I will defend the woman.

THE DUKE. You?  
You cannot.

THE ATTACHÉ.  
Not as partisan; as friend.

THE DUKE.  
It would ensure my flight.

THE ATTACHÉ.  
Begone, my Lord.  
Whate'er I do is for the Countess.

THE DUKE. Yes,  
But I—

PROKESCH.  
I'll lead him.

THE ATTACHÉ.  
Prokesch knows the way.

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

[*Still hesitating.*]

I cannot—

VOICES.

Yes!

MARMONT.

The better way!

VOICES.

Begone.

THE COUNTESS CAMERATA.

[*Entering, still in her disguise.*]

Unhappy boy! Not gone!

THE DUKE.

You!—but they told me—

How could I go?

THE COUNTESS.

On horseback.

THE DUKE.

But your life—!

THE COUNTESS.

A woman's life! What loss would that have been?

THE DUKE.

But—

THE COUNTESS.

You should have abandoned me.

THE DUKE.

But think!

THE COUNTESS.

Think of the time you've lost!

THE DUKE.

Your risks—?

THE COUNTESS.

What risks?



# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

And all our fears on your behalf—

THE COUNTESS.

What fears?  
Was not your Flambeau, there, my fencing-master?

THE DUKE.

The man—?

THE COUNTESS.

Begone!

THE DUKE.

What did you do?

THE COUNTESS.

Oh, nothing.  
Of course he drew his sword, and I drew mine.

THE DUKE.

You fought for me!

THE COUNTESS.

“I did not know,” he muttered,  
“The Corsican’s son had so much skill. I think  
He knew it not himself”—But then my voice—

THE DUKE.

Oh! You are wounded!

THE COUNTESS.

Scatched across the fingers.  
My voice betrayed me. Back he sprang! “A woman!”  
“Defend yourself!” said I. “I should be laughed at,  
For you are not the Chevalier d’Eon!”  
“Defend yourself, I’m a Napoleon!”  
Feeling my blade slip snake-like over his,  
He lunges, and I make—

FLAMBEAU.

Our secret stroke!

# L' A I G L O N

THE COUNTESS.

One! Two!

FLAMBEAU.

That must have been a rough surprise!

THE COUNTESS.

'Twas a surprise from which he'll not recover.

THE DUKE.

Heavens! And the girl—!

THE COUNTESS.

What does she matter now?

THE DUKE.

But, did she come?

THE COUNTESS.

Well—No, then! When the door  
Was broken open by a furious fist,  
I was alone. She had not come.

THE DUKE.

That's well.

THE COUNTESS.

But servants came; and if I were arrested  
All would be known too soon. I lost my head.  
I stumbled out. I heard I know not whom  
Sending to fetch the Prefect of Police;  
And so I fled upon your saddle-horse.  
I've killed it—I'm exhausted—

THE DUKE.

Look! She swoons!

THE COUNTESS.

After what I had done I hoped at least  
To hear from witnesses that you were gone!

A CONSPIRATOR.

You were pursued!—And in a moment—

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

Take care of her. Conceal her in the hut.

A CONSPIRATOR.

Yes.

THE COUNTESS.

Go!

THE DUKE.

But are you better?

THE COUNTESS.

Not yet gone?

For God's sake, go! Ah! could your Father see you  
Waiting, enfeebled, tender, hesitating,  
With what contempt he'd shrug his epaulettes!

THE DUKE.

Good-bye!

FLAMBEAU.

We're caught! Too late!

SEDLNIZKY.

*[Entering with police officers; he advances to the  
COUNTESS, whom he mistakes for the DUKE.]*

Too late, my Lord.

THE COUNTESS.

*[Furiously, to the DUKE.]*

Ah, Temporizer! Dreamer! Cold Idealist!

SEDLNIZKY.

*[Who has turned to the person addressed by the COUN-  
TESS and recognized the DUKE, starts, and, addressing  
him.]*

Your Highness—

*[He turns to the COUNTESS.]*

Your High—

*[To the DUKE.]*

Your High—

FLAMBEAU.

He's puzzled!

# L' A I G L O N

SEDLNIZKY.

So that's it!

FLAMBEAU.

You've been drinking. You see double.

SEDLNIZKY.

Count Prokesch, I must ask you to retire.

[PROKESCH *exit.*]

FLAMBEAU.

We shan't be crowned just yet by Uncle Fesch!

SEDLNIZKY.

[*Indicating the* ATTACHÉ.]

Lead off this gentleman. You, sir, in this?  
Your Government shall hear of it.

THE DUKE.

I swear

He was not of the plot!

THE ATTACHÉ.

Forgive me, Sire,

Since they're arresting us I take my share.

THE DUKE.

[*To the* ATTACHÉ, *as he is led off.*]

Good-bye, then.

[*To* SEDLNIZKY.]

Now, policeman, show your zeal.

SEDLNIZKY.

[*To his men, pointing to the* COUNTESS.]

Take the false Prince wherever—she—belongs.

THE DUKE.

[*Haughtily.*]

With all the honors due to me!

THE COUNTESS.

That voice!

Ah, hapless child! You would have made a leader!

[*She is led off.*]

# L' A I G L O N

SEDLNIZKY.

As for the rest, we'll shut our eyes: *Verb. sap.*

A CONSPIRATOR.

I think—

MARMONT.

To serve the cause—

ANOTHER CONSPIRATOR.

We'd better go.

ANOTHER.

Reserve our strength—

ANOTHER.

For later—

ANOTHER.

Bide our time.

[*All disappear.*]

FLAMBEAU.

[*To SEDLNIZKY.*]

Open your eyes again. Here's one more left.

THE DUKE.

Oh, fly for my sake!

FLAMBEAU.

Yours?

SEDLNIZKY.

[*To a policeman.*]

'Tis he!

POLICEMAN.

Perhaps.

Wanted in Paris.

SEDLNIZKY.

How can we make sure!

[*The POLICEMAN hands him a paper, which he reads.*]

“Nose ordinary, eyes ordinary,

# L ' A I G L O N

Mouth ordinary—" Extraordinary!

[*Watching* FLAMBEAU.]

Two bullets in his—back.

FLAMBEAU.

A lie!

SEDLNIZKY.

Of course.

FLAMBEAU.

I'm lost. All right; I'll have my little joke,  
And deck myself in flowers ere dropping out.

SEDLNIZKY.

You answer to the name of Seraph Flambeau.

FLAMBEAU.

No, sir! That name's not good enough to die with.  
I'll be drum-major in the Dance of Death;  
Not merely Seraph, nor Flambeau, the torch.  
I broaden! I'm Archangel Chandelier!

THE DUKE.

Will you deliver him to France?

SEDLNIZKY.

Yes.

THE DUKE.

Like a thief?

You have no right, sir—!

SEDLNIZKY.

But we'll take it.

THE DUKE.

Heavens!

FLAMBEAU.

'Twas getting past a joke that I should never  
Be present when they wanted to behead me.

SEDLNIZKY.

Also his decoration is illegal.  
Take off that ribbon!

# L' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

Take it. But it grows  
As often as I choose on my old hide.  
[Unseen by the others he stabs himself.]

SEDLNIZKY.

Take off his cloak!  
[When the cloak is removed, the spot of blood  
shows like the ribbon of the Legion of Honor  
on FLAMBEAU'S shirt.]

What's that?

FLAMBEAU.

Looks rather well!

SEDLNIZKY.

Come! Make an end!

FLAMBEAU.

[To the DUKE.]

My Lord, this leaves me not  
Till death!

SEDLNIZKY.

What! He has pinned another on!

FLAMBEAU.

You cannot make an end! I've pinned another;  
And when that's gone, another, and another!

THE DUKE.

What will they do?

FLAMBEAU.

What did they do to Ney?

THE DUKE.

Impossible—!

FLAMBEAU.

A little firing-party—  
Rrrrrr!

THE DUKE.

Ah!

# L' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

I always laughed at bullets;  
But French ones? Never! None of that, Lisette!

THE DUKE.

You will not give him up?

SEDLNIZKY.

Without delay!

FLAMBEAU.

Seraph, your wings are clipped; good-night, my  
friend!

SEDLNIZKY.

March!

THE DUKE.

Look! He staggers! Flambeau!—Look!

POLICEMAN.

He's falling!

FLAMBEAU.

[*On his knees; knocking off the policeman's hat.*]  
The Duke is speaking! Take that stovepipe off!

THE DUKE.

Flambeau, you've killed yourself!

FLAMBEAU.

No! I've pinned on  
An everlasting ribbon of the Legion!

THE DUKE.

I'll not allow one of your men to touch him:  
What! the clean soldier touched by soiled policemen!  
Leave us alone together. Go!—Begone!

FLAMBEAU.

My Lord—!

SEDLNIZKY.

[*To a policeman, pointing to the old man of the hut.*]

Lead off that peasant.

[*The old man is led off.*]



# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

I'll await  
My regiment. 'Tis summoned here at dawn.  
The standards shall salute him, and the drums,  
And my own soldiers shall uplift his body.

SEDLNIZKY.

[*To a policeman.*]

Where are the horses?

THE POLICEMAN.

[*Aside to him.*]

Gone.

SEDLNIZKY.

Then let him be.

[*To the DUKE.*]

Highness, we cede.

THE DUKE.

Begone!

SEDLNIZKY.

I understand—

THE DUKE.

I turn you out.

SEDLNIZKY.

My Lord!

THE DUKE.

I turn you out!

For on the field of Wagram I'm at home!

[*SEDLNIZKY and the policeman go.*]

FLAMBEAU.

It's funny, all the same, that on this field  
Where I was wounded for the Father, now  
I perish for the son.

THE DUKE.

No! not for me!

It is for him: I am not worth your death.

# L' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

For him?

THE DUKE.

For him! This is the field of Wagram.

FLAMBEAU.

Ah, yes!—I die—

THE DUKE.

Do you not recognize  
Wagram, the field, the hill, the pointed steeple?

FLAMBEAU.

Yes!

THE DUKE.

Do you see the Austrian cannon yonder  
All painted yellow, belching fire and smoke?

FLAMBEAU.

The battle—!

THE DUKE.

Do you hear the noise of it?

FLAMBEAU.

I die at Wagram! Ah! I die at Wagram!

THE DUKE.

Do you not see the wounded horse rush by,  
Dragging his slaughtered rider by the stirrups?  
We are at Wagram! 'Tis a solemn moment.  
Davoust has come to turn Neusiedel's flank;  
The Emperor has raised his little spy-glass;  
You have been wounded by a bayonet,  
And I have brought you to this little hill.

FLAMBEAU.

But the light cavalry? Haven't they charged?

THE DUKE.

Yonder the blue, striped with white shoulder-belts:  
Those are the Infantry.

# L' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

With General Reille!

THE DUKE.

The Emperor should send Oudinot to help!  
He lets his left be crushed!

FLAMBEAU.

Ah! that's his cunning!

THE DUKE.

They fight! They fight! Macdonald hastens up,  
And wounded Masséna drives slowly by.

FLAMBEAU.

If the Archduke deploys his right he's lost.

THE DUKE.

All's well!

FLAMBEAU.

They fight?

THE DUKE.

The Prince of Auersberg  
Is taken by the Polish Lancers of the Guard.

FLAMBEAU.

The Emperor? What's the Emperor doing?

THE DUKE.

Watching.

FLAMBEAU.

Is the Archduke **caught** in the little 'un's trap?

THE DUKE.

The distant dust-cloud yonder is Nansouty.

FLAMBEAU.

Has the Archduke not yet deployed his right?

THE DUKE.

The smoke is Lauriston—

# L' A I G L O N

FLAMBEAU.

But the Archduke?

THE DUKE.

Now he deploys his right.

FLAMBEAU.

His goose is cooked.

THE DUKE.

Here come the guns!

FLAMBEAU.

I thirst!—I stifle—Drink!

What—is—the—Emperor doing?

THE DUKE.

With a smile

He shuts his little spy-glass.

FLAMBEAU.

[*Closing his eyes.*]

Victory!

THE DUKE.

Flambeau!

[*He looks at him, and moves away a little.*]

This dying soldier frightens me.

Yet 'tis not strange a dying grenadier

Should fall asleep upon this field of glory.

The field is well acquainted with his likes.

[*He bends over him and cries.*]

Yes! Victory! The soldiers toss their shakos!

FLAMBEAU.

[*In his death-rattle.*]

I thirst—!

DISTANT VOICES.

I thirst!—I thirst!

THE DUKE.

[*Shuddering.*]

What are those echoes?

# L' A I G L O N

A VOICE.

I thirst—!

THE DUKE.

O God!

THE SAME VOICES.

[*Very distant.*]

I die—I die!

THE DUKE.

[*With horror.*]

His voice

Reverberates beneath the lurid sky.

THE VOICES.

I die—!

THE DUKE.

I understand! His cries of death  
Are, for this vale which knows them all by heart,  
As the first measures of a well-known song.  
The plain takes up the moaning death has hushed.

THE PLAIN.

Ah!—Ah!

THE DUKE.

I understand! complaints and sobs!—  
'Tis Wagram's field, remembering aloud!

THE PLAIN.

Ah—! Ah—!

THE DUKE.

[*Looking at FLAMBEAU.*]

How still he lies!—I must begone!  
For 'tis as if he'd fallen in the battle!

[*And bending over him he murmurs.*]

Thus and no otherwise they must have looked!  
The uniform—the blood—!

[*He is about to go, but suddenly, with horror.*]

Another! There!

There—! Everywhere—! The same accusing shapes!  
They're dying thus as far as eye can reach!

# L' A I G L O N

THE PLAIN.

Alas—!

THE DUKE.

I hear them speaking in the gloom!

VOICES.

My brow bleeds—! My leg is dead—! My arm hangs  
loose!—

I'm crushed beneath this gun!

THE DUKE.

The battle-field!

I've willed it: it has risen.

VOICES.

Water!—Water

Upon my gash! Ah! tell me what I've broken!

Ah! do not let me perish in this ditch!

THE DUKE.

Forests of arms are quivering in the plain;  
I tread upon a field of epaulettes.

A VOICE.

Help!

THE DUKE.

And I slip on leather shoulder-belts!

A VOICE.

Dragoon, reach me your hands!

A N O T H E R.

They're shot away!

THE DUKE.

Ah! whither turn?

VOICES.

The ravens!

THE DUKE.

Horrible!

The wooden soldiers ranged upon my table!

# L' A I G L O N

THE VOICES.

Horses have trampled on me! Drink!—The ravens!  
I'm dying!—How I suffer!—God forgive me!  
The ravens!—Help!

THE DUKE.

Alas! Where are the Eagles?

THE VOICES.

Water!—This brook runs blood!—Yet let me drink!  
I thirst!—I die!—God's curse!—I'm hurt!—Mother!

THE DUKE.

Ah!

A VOICE.

For God's sake! put a bullet through my head!

THE DUKE.

Ah! Now I understand my wakeful nights—

A VOICE.

Curse the Light Cavalry! They're base assassins!

THE DUKE.

The racking cough that wakes me in a sweat!

A VOICE.

I cannot drag my leg! Oh, wrench it off!

THE DUKE.

The blood I spit! I know whose blood it is!

THE PLAIN.

Ah!—Ah—!

THE DUKE.

And all the arms! And all the arms I see!  
The handless wrists! The hands with shattered fingers!

The monstrous harvest which a mighty wind  
Bends me-ward with a curse! Oh! Mercy! Mercy!  
Old Cuirassier, groaning with outstretched hands—  
Horrible agonized hands with bloody wrists!—  
Mercy! Poor little Private of the Guards,  
Who slowly raise your livid face to mine!

## L ' A I G L O N

Look not upon me with those glazing eyes!  
Why do you creep upon me through the gloom?  
God! 'Tis as though you strove to utter cries!  
Why do you all suck in a mighty breath?  
Why do you open horror-sated lips?  
What will you cry?—What?—What?

ALL THE VOICES.

Long live the Emperor!

THE DUKE.

Ah! Pardon, for the glory's sake!—I thank you.  
I understand. I am the expiation.  
All was not paid, and I complete the price.  
'Twas fated I should seek his battle-field,  
And here, above the multitudinous dead,  
Be the white victim, growing daily whiter,  
Renouncing, praying, asking but to suffer,  
Yearning toward heaven, like sacrificial incense!  
And while betwixt the heavens and this field  
I am outstretched with all my soul and body,  
Father, I feel the shuddering furrows rise,  
I feel the hill upheaved beneath my feet  
To lift me gently to the stooping heavens!  
'Tis meet and right the battle-field should offer  
This sacrifice, that henceforth it may bear  
Pure and unstained its name of Victory.  
Wagram, behold me! Ransom of old days,  
Son, offered for, alas! how many sons!  
Above the dreadful haze wherein thou stirrest,  
Uplift me, Wagram, in thy scarlet hands!  
It must be so! I know it! Feel it! Will it!  
The breath of death has rustled through my hair!  
The shudder of death has passed athwart my soul!  
I am all white: a sacramental Host!  
What more reproaches can they hurl, O Father,  
Against our hapless fate?—Oh, hush! I add



## L' A I G L O N

In silence Schönbrunn to Saint Helena!—  
'Tis done!—But if the Eaglet is resigned  
To perish like the innocent, yielding swan,  
Nailed in the gloom above some lofty gate,  
He must become the high and holy signal  
That scares the ravens and calls back the eagles.  
There must be no more moanings in the field,  
Nor dreadful writhings in the underwood.  
Bear on thy wings, O whirlwind of the plain,  
The shouts of conquerors and songs of triumph!  
    [*A proud and joyous clamor arises in the distance.*]  
I've changed the moanings into trumpet blasts!  
    [*The wind wafts vague sounds of trumpet-calls.*]  
I've earned the right to see what crawled and writhed,  
Suddenly leap into a phantom charge!  
    [*Noise as of a cavalcade. The VOICES, which before were lugubrious, now call to each other with commands and signals.*]

THE VOICES.

Forward!

    [*The drums of the wind beat the charge.*]

THE DUKE.

    The pomp and pageantry of battle,  
The dust that's raised by charging cavalry!

VOICES.

Charge!

THE DUKE.

    The wild laughter of the fierce Hussars!

VOICES.

    [*In a shout of epic laughter.*]

Ha! Ha!

THE DUKE.

    Now, Goddess of the hundred mouths,  
Victory, from whose lips I've torn the gag,  
Sing in the distance!

# L' A I G L O N

VOICES.

[*Far away.*]

Form battalions!

THE DUKE.

[*Upright in the first glow of dawn.*]

Glory! O God, to battle in this blaze!

VOICES.

Fire!—Half-columns, by your right, advance!

THE DUKE.

To battle in this tumult you commanded!

O Father! Father!—

[*Amid the noise of battle, which is dying away in the distance, a haughty, metallic voice is heard, preceded and followed by a roll of drums.*]

THE VOICE.

Officers—and—men!

THE DUKE.

[*In wild delirium, drawing his sword.*]

I come!—I fight!—Laugh, fife! and banners wave!

Fix bayonets! Fall on the whitecoats! Forward!

[*And while the dream-sounds die away toward the right, swept by the wind, all of a sudden, on the left, a real military band bursts out; and abruptly, like the awaking out of a dream, there is the contrast between the furious battle-music of the French, and a tame march of Schubert's, Austrian and dance-like, drawing near in the rosy glow of the morning.*]

THE DUKE.

[*Who has turned with a shudder.*]

What white thing marching through the dawning day?

# L' A I G L O N

The Austrian Infantry!

*[Beside himself, and urging along imaginary Grenadiers.]*

Ha! Up! and at them!

The enemy!—Fall on them!—Crush them!

Follow on! Follow on! We'll pass across their bodies!

*[With his sword high he rushes at the first ranks of an Austrian regiment which appears on the road.]*

A N O F F I C E R .

*[Throwing himself on the DUKE and stopping him.]*

For God's sake, Prince!—This is your regiment!

T H E D U K E .

*[As if awaking.]*

Ah—? This is my—?

*[He falls back; passes his hand across his forehead, and gazes wildly at the white soldiers who march past to the sound of the fife. He sees his destiny, and accepts it. The arm he had raised for the charge sinks slowly, his fist falls on his hip; his sword falls into the regulation position, and, stiff as an automaton, with a toneless and mechanical voice, the voice of an Austrian officer, he cries:]*

Halt! Front turn! Eyes right!

THE CURTAIN FALLS AS THE DRILL BEGINS.





## THE SIXTH ACT

*The DUKE's bedroom at Schönbrunn. The walls are covered with Gobelin tapestry. Through folding-doors on the left there is a glimpse of the china-cabinet. There are also folding-doors on the right and in the centre. Empire furniture. A little camp-bedstead stands almost in the middle of the room. Many bunches of violets are scattered about.*

*The DUKE is discovered buried in a deep arm-chair, his fingers idly toying with a large bunch of violets. The ARCHDUCHESS is offering him a glass of milk. DOCTOR MALFATTI is seated at the back of the room.*

THE DUKE.

A GAIN? Well, there, then.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

No, you've left a little.

THE DUKE.

You?—Why, I thought you ill!

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

They've let me come.

Thank heaven!—And you?

# L ' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

Why, if you leave your sick-bed  
I must be worse indeed.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Come, now, that's nonsense!  
You know you're better.

[*She examines the cup the DUKE hands her.*]

There, that's finished.

[*She calls the DOCTOR, who has been seated at the  
back of the room.*]

His Highness drank his milk.

THE DOCTOR.

I'm very glad.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

How good it was of him!

THE DOCTOR.

How good!

THE DUKE.

How hard—

When I had dreamed of history's reward,  
And when ambition seared my soul—How hard,  
To be content with praise for drinking milk!

[*To the violets on his pillow.*]

Oh, ball of freshness laid upon my fever,  
Dear flowers that bring the Spring into my room—!

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

All bring you violets now?

THE DUKE.

Ah, yes! Already.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Hush! As an act of gratitude to God  
For saving us—since both of us are better—  
I am to take the Sacrament this morning.  
I think—I hope—Franz, will you not come, too?

# L ' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

[*After a long look at her.*]

Ah, now I see the pious trick you'd play me!

This is the end!

. [*He rises.*]

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

I knew you'd say so!

[*With forced playfulness.*]

Think!

The etiquette—!

THE DUKE.

The—etiquette?

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

You know

You cannot be deceived. When Austrian Princes  
Receive the—

THE DUKE.

Last—?

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Oh! not that mournful word!—

All the Imperial Family must be present.

THE DUKE.

That's true.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

But we're alone! I've had an altar  
Placed in that cabinet; and look about you:  
No sign of an Archduke or an Archduchess.  
The Prelate says the Mass for you and me;  
'Tis but the ordinary Mass; you see  
This Sacrament is not—

THE DUKE.

The last. 'Tis true.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Well? Are you coming? Hark! The Mass begins!

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

'Tis true, the illustrious audience should be present.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

We've but the Prelate and the Acolyte.

THE DUKE.

So, then, I am to have a respite—?

[*They go out.*]

[*As soon as they have disappeared, the opposite door opens and GENERAL HARTMANN ushers in the COURT.*]

HARTMANN.

Come!

Place yourselves here; and when, with humbled eyes  
The Duke is prostrate to receive the Host—

ONE OF THE PRINCES.

We'll place ourselves—

A PRINCESS.

[*To a child.*]

Hush!

HARTMANN.

In that awful moment

When nothing can distract a Christian's thoughts  
I'll softly ope the door. For one brief second  
Your Highnesses will see his golden head;  
Then I shall close the door, and thus he'll rise,  
Not knowing he received, before the Court,  
As usage dictates, the Viaticum.

METTERNICH.

Silence!

PROKESCH.

[*Who has just brought in the COUNTESS and THERESA.*]

They have permitted me to place you  
Behind the Imperial Family, and thus,  
Above the heads of Princes bent in prayer,



# L ' A I G L O N

O'er whom mysterious fate is hovering,  
And pallid children clasping pitiful hands,  
For the last time you'll see the dying Duke.

THERESA.

Oh, thank you, thank you, sir!

HARTMANN.

Let no one stir.

When the door opens!

MARIA LOUISA.

Ah! The sacring-bell!

A PRINCESS.

It is the Elevation!

[*All kneel.*]

HARTMANN.

Gently!

THE COUNTESS CAMERATA.

[*To METTERNICH.*]

Well,

Prince? Is there nothing you regret?

METTERNICH.

No, nothing.

I did my duty, Madam—often suffered  
While doing it—for my country's weal, my master's,  
And in defence of ancient privilege.

THE COUNTESS.

You've no regrets?

METTERNICH.

No. None.

MARIA LOUISA.

*The Agnus Dei.*

[*To HARTMANN, who very gently opens the door  
a very little way and peers through.*]

Let not the door creak as you open it!

# L' A I G L O N

M E T T E R N I C H .

None. But he was a noble Prince. I kneel  
To-day not only to the Lamb of God!

H A R T M A N N .

The Prelate has uncovered the Ciborium!

A L L .

Oh!

H A R T M A N N .

Rigid silence! I'm about to open!

A L L .

[*With emotion.*]

Oh!

H A R T M A N N .

I open!

[*He silently thrusts the wings of the folding-doors open. All the COURT is prostrate. There is a vague glimpse of candle light. A moment's pause of profound emotion and silence. THERESA slowly rises to look across the kneeling forms; she looks and sees.*]

T H E R E S A .

[*Amid the sobs which overmaster her.*]

Oh! to behold him thus!

[*Movement. GENERAL HARTMANN has swiftly closed the doors. Everybody has risen.*]

H A R T M A N N .

Retire! He heard the sobbing!

[*All have hurried toward the door on the right, but the door on the left opens quickly; the DUKE appears on the threshold and sees them all standing before him. After a long look which takes in the situation:*]

T H E D U K E .

Ah!—I see.

[*He draws himself up, and comes toward them with sudden majesty.*]

# L' A I G L O N

I thank the breaking heart that broke the silence;  
Let her who wept feel no remorse for weeping:  
They had no right to rob me of my death.

[*To the ARCHDUKES and ARCHDUCHESES, who withdraw respectfully.*]

But leave me now, my Austrian family!  
"My son was born a Frenchman; until death  
Let him remember that." And I remember.

[*To the PRINCES who are leaving.*]

Farewell.

[*To the others.*]

Whose was the breaking heart?

T H E R E S A .

[*Who has remained humbly on her knees in a corner.*]

My Lord—!

T H E D U K E .

[*Approaching her, and speaking with great tenderness.*]

You are not very reasonable! Once  
Over your book you wept to see me live  
An Austrian Prince with flowers in my coat;  
And now you weep because that life has killed me.

T H E R E S A .

The tryst—

T H E D U K E .

Well?

T H E R E S A .

I was there.

T H E D U K E .

Alas, poor soul!

T H E R E S A .

Yes—

T H E D U K E .

Why?

# L' A I G L O N

THERESA.  
Because I love you.

THE DUKE.  
[To the COUNTESS.] Madam,  
You hid this from me. Why?

THE COUNTESS.  
Because I love you.

THE DUKE.  
[To THERESA and the COUNTESS.]  
Who brought you both to see me?  
[THERESA and the COUNTESS look at the ARCH-  
DUCHESS.]

THE DUKE.  
[To the ARCHDUCHESS.] You?

THE ARCHDUCHESS. Myself.

THE DUKE.  
Why so much thoughtfulness?

THE ARCHDUCHESS.  
Because I love you.

THE DUKE.  
Women have loved me as they love a child—  
[The THREE WOMEN make a gesture of protest.]  
Ah, yes! The child they pity, spoil, and shelter—  
And with maternal fingers, on my brow  
Still sought the golden curls which Lawrence painted.

THE COUNTESS.  
No, no! We knew the struggles of your soul!

THE DUKE.  
And history itself will not record  
The Prince whose soul was seared with all ambitions,

## L ' A I G L O N

But see the solemn, rosy, fair-haired child  
Tricked out in laces in his little goat-cart,  
Holding the globe as 'twere an air-balloon.

M A R I A L O U I S A .

Speak to me! I am here! Give me a word  
To soothe remorse, for through no fault of mine  
I was too small beside your mighty dreams.  
I have the thriftless conscience of a bird!  
The tinkling bells that jangle in my brain  
Have never ceased till now. Look at me now!  
Speak to me now! Forgive me now!

T H E D U K E .

O God!

Inspire me with the deep, yet tender word  
With which a son forgives his mother.

M A R I A L O U I S A .

Franz,

The cradle which you asked them for last night—

A L A C K E Y .

'Tis here.

[*He goes out to fetch it.*]

T H E D U K E .

[*Looking at METTERNICH.*]

Ah, my Lord Chancellor, I die  
Too soon for you; and you should weep.

M E T T E R N I C H .

My Lord—!

T H E D U K E .

I was your weapon and my death disarms you!  
Europe, which never dared to say you nay,  
When you were he who could unchain the Eaglet,  
Listening to-morrow, will take heart, and say  
“I do not hear it stirring in its cage!”

# L' A I G L O N

M E T T E R N I C H .

My Lord! My Lord!

*[The great enamelled cradle is brought in.]*

T H E D U K E .

The cradle Paris gave me!

My splendid cradle, Prudhon's masterpiece!

Amidst its gold and mother-o'-pearl I slept,

A babe, whose christening was a coronation.

Place it beside this little bed, whereon

My Father slept when victory fanned his slumbers.

Closer! until its laces graze the sheets.

Alas! how near my cradle to my death-bed!

*[He points to the gap between the cradle and the bed.]*

And all my life lies in that narrow space!

T H E R E S A .

Oh!—

T H E D U K E .

In that gap, too narrow and too dark,

Fate ne'er let fall a single pin of glory.

Lay me upon the bed.

D I E T R I C H S T E I N .

How pale he grows!

T H E D U K E .

Ah, I was greater in my cradle, than

I am upon this bed; and women rocked me—

Yes, I had three to rock me, and they sang

Their strange old songs: dear songs of Mistress Mar-  
chand!

• Oh, who will lull me now with cradle-songs?

M A R I A L O U I S A .

Is not your mother here to sing to you?

T H E D U K E .

Do you know any songs of France?

# L' A I G L O N

MARIA LOUISA.

Why—no.

THE DUKE.

[To THERESA.]

And you?

THERESA.

Perhaps.

THE DUKE.

Oh, sing below your breath.

“The rain falls, Shepherdess” and “May is come,”

And sing “Upon the bridge that spans the Rhone,”

That I may sleep, rocked on the people’s fancy.

There was a song I used to love; sing that:—

There was a little man,

And he was clad in gray—

THERESA.

Break, tender heart, as broke the heart of iron—

THE COUNTESS.

A crystal, shattered by a brazen echo—

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

A harp-string, shattered by a battle-song—

THERESA.

A lily sinking silently on laurels.

THE DOCTOR.

My Lord is very ill. Stand more apart.

THERESA.

Farewell, François—!

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

Farewell, Franz!

THE COUNTESS.

Farewell, Bonaparte!

MARIA LOUISA.

Alas, his head grows heavy on my shoulder!

# L' A I G L O N

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

O Duke of Reichstadt!

THE COUNTESS.

King of Rome!

THERESA.

Poor child!

THE DUKE.

[*Deliriously.*]

The horses! horses!

THE PRELATE [WAGNER].

Let us fall to prayer!

THE DUKE.

Horses! that I may ride to meet my father!

MARIA LOUISA.

Will you not let me wipe away your tears?

THE DUKE.

No, for the Victories, my sisters—Lo!

I see them! see them! in a headlong flight

Draw nigh to lave their glory in my tears!

MARIA LOUISA.

What are you saying?

THE DUKE.

Nothing. Did I speak?

Hush! Father, that's our secret: yours and mine!—

My funeral will be ugly. Mumbling women;

Lackeys with torches; droning Capuchins;

And then they'll lock me in their crypt—and then—

MARIA LOUISA.

Tell me your sufferings, child!

THE DUKE.

Oh! Superhuman!—

And then, official mourning for six weeks.



# L' A I G L O N

THE COUNTESS.

He snatches at the cradle's lace, as if  
To make a winding sheet—

THE DUKE.

It will be ugly—

I must remember how they christen better  
In Paris than they bury in Vienna.  
General Hartmann!

HARTMANN.

Prince!

THE DUKE.

Yes—while I wait

For death, I'll rock my childhood—

[*He hands GENERAL HARTMANN a book from  
under his pillow.*]

Here—

[GENERAL HARTMANN *takes the book.* The DUKE  
*falls to rocking the cradle.*]

I rock

My past—I rock my past—As though  
The Duke of Reichstadt rocked the King of Rome.  
General—I marked a place—

HARTMANN.

I see it.

THE DUKE.

Good. While I'm dying, read aloud—

MARIA LOUISA.

No, no!

You shall not die!

THE DUKE.

You may begin to read.

HARTMANN.

[*Standing at the foot of the bed and reading.*]

“Toward seven o'clock the Cavalry appear,  
Forming the head of the procession—”

# L' A I G L O N

MARIA LOUISA.

[*Falling on her knees in a paroxysm of sobs.*]

Franz!

HARTMANN.

“The people, shaken with great sobs of joy,  
Utter a shout:—‘Long live the King of Rome!’—”

MARIA LOUISA.

Franz!

HARTMANN.

“And the guns salute; the Cardinal  
Receives their Majesties, and so the pageant  
Moves up the aisle as ancient rules prescribe.  
The Ushers, Kings-at-Arms, their chief, the pages,  
The various officers of the staff, the—”

[*Noticing that the DUKE has closed his eyes, he stops.*]

THE DUKE.

[*Opening his eyes.*]

Yes?

HARTMANN.

“The Chamberlains, the Prefects of the palace,  
Ministers, Masters of the Horse—”

THE DUKE.

[*With failing voice.*]

Go on.

HARTMANN.

“Marshals of France, Grand Eagles; and Princess  
Aldobrandini holds the chrisom-cloth;  
The Countesses Vilain and de Beauvau  
Bring in the ewer and the salt-cellar—”

THE DUKE.

[*Still paler and growing rigid.*]

Read on, sir. Mother—mother—lift me up.

[*MARIA LOUISA, assisted by the PRELATE and  
DOCTOR MALFATTI, raises him on his pillows.*]

# L' A I G L O N

HARTMANN.

“ Then the Grand Duke, who took on this occasion  
The Austrian Emperor's place as Sponsor: then  
Queen Hortense, and the Imperial Godmother;  
Lastly, the King of Rome, borne by Her Grace,  
The Duchess of Montesquiou. His Majesty,  
Whose healthy mien the crowd observed with joy,  
Wore a great silver mantle, lined with ermine,  
Whose train His Grace the Duke of Valmy bore.  
Princes—”

THE DUKE.  
Omit the Princes.

HARTMANN.  
[*Turning over a page.*]  
“ Kings—”

THE DUKE.  
Omit  
The Kings. The end, sir; read the end—

HARTMANN.  
[*Turning over several pages.*]  
“ And when—”

THE DUKE.  
I cannot hear you. Louder.

DOCTOR MALFATTI.  
[*To WAGNER.*]  
The last agony.

HARTMANN.  
[*Raising his voice.*]  
“ And when the Herald thrice within the choir  
Had cried ‘ Long live the King of Rome!’ before  
They handed back the baby to its nurse,  
The Emperor gently took it from—”  
[*He hesitates, with a glance at MARIA LOUISA.*]

# L' A I G L O N

THE DUKE.

[*With infinite nobility and placing his hand with tender forgiveness on the head of MARIA LOUISA, who is kneeling at his side.*]

The Empress!

HARTMANN.

“And raised it to receive the acclamation.  
The loud—”

THE DUKE.

[*Whose head drops.*]

Mamma!

MARIA LOUISA.

[*Throwing herself across his body.*]

François!

THE DUKE.

[*Opening his eyes.*]

Napoleon!

[*He sinks back.*]

HARTMANN.

“The loud *Te Deum* filled the sanctuary,  
And all that night, throughout the realm of France,  
With equal pomp, solemnity, and joy—”

DOCTOR MALFATTI.

[*Putting his hand on the GENERAL'S arm.*]

Dead!

[*Silence. The GENERAL closes the book.*]

METTERNICH.

Clothe him in his Austrian uniform.

CURTAIN.



# The New York Times.

"All News That's Fit to Print."

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY NOV. 27, 1900.

## SARAH BERNHARDT AS THE EAGLET

Constant Coquelin as the Flamboyant Old Grenadier.

A Splendid Performance of Rostand's  
"L'Aiglon" in the Original—Memorable Night at the Garden Theatre.

Sarah Bernhardt and Constant Coquelin, the leaders of the French stage, began their engagement at the Garden Theatre last evening with a memorably eloquent and moving performance of "L'Aiglon," by Edmond Rostand, one of the finest works of dramatic literature produced in any language within a century or more, and one that needs to be seen in the original, performed by French actors, to be thoroughly appreciated. For not only is the theme of the work essentially Gallic, but its very spirit, which reflects the passionate yet elusive love of Bonaparte and Bonapartism that seems ever to prevail in France, defies adequate translation into English words.

Mme. Bernhardt and M. Coquelin have both been seen here, of course, in characters more showily effective than the young Duke, aspiring to the Eagle's throne, and his follower, the stanch, old Grenadier. But they have had few really worthier rôles, nevertheless, and none they have ever acted in a worthier manner. There is no reaching for startling effects in this perfectly sympathetic and harmonious representation of poetic drama. In fact, it is now seen that there is no episode, like those craftily built up by Sardou in the dramas he wrote for Mme. Bernhardt, which the blasé first nighters will tell you is "all there is" of the play. But from the beginning to the end there is a continuous representation of the play of character on character, of mind on mind, and each stage in the development is absorbingly interesting.

Bernhardt's portrayal of the unhappy son

of Napoleon, did expect to find in it, and is such a piece of acting in its dominating spirit, its artistic dignity and grace, its moving force, its blazing passion, its exquisite pathos as cannot be matched on the contemporary stage.

The chronicler of theatrical incidents, who has seen this great actress in all or nearly all the rôles of her rich repertory in the last twenty years, and has been frequently called upon to record his impression of her acting, though he may have put the whole available vocabulary of praise to use under the spell of her glowing genius, still finds that her art, like the charm of the Serpent of Old Nile, is of infinite variety and is sure to impel him to fresh praise if not actually to inspire him to the invention of new adjectives. She is still the leader of all the actors, in virtuosity, as well as in the higher qualities of insight, sympathy, and artistic taste.

There may be a few husky notes in her once matchless voice, to be sure, but folks with uncommonly acute ears said they could detect something of that defect when she was last here five years ago. Her face is not quite so surely responsive to the expression of every delicate shade of emotion as it was in her younger days. But the only standard by which Sarah Bernhardt may be justly criticised is the standard of her own acting, and one must be in a most severely and deplorably judicial mood to make such comparisons formally after sitting through a performance of "L'Aiglon."

For the sake of lucidity it will be well not to tell at length the story of Rostand's play again, but to note the salient traits of its idealized protagonist and the chief situations in which he is placed. He is revealed at first in his eighteenth year, surrounded by the gay friends of his mother, now the widow of Nelpperg, and seemingly as idle and purposeless as the rest of them. Metternich is represented as using him as a threat to France, though no one in Austria has any belief in his potentiality. But he has been already approached by conspirators, anxious to revive the Bonaparte dynasty in France; he has responded wisely but yet ambitiously to their pleadings, he has mastered the history of his father's campaigns, and loves France with all the fervor if not with all the energy of the stanchest French patriot.

His malady, tuberculosis, is idealized and his distrust in his own powers is vividly shown. He is, in spite of his youth and his weakness, by turns the poet, the philosopher, the statesman, and the dreamer.

At Schönbrunn he is virtually a prisoner, under the watchful-eye of Metternich and his police spies, but an old grenadier of his father, called Flambeau, has secretly obtained a place in his service, and, in spite of Metternich, a plot is formed to get the Prince away from the Austrian Court and on French soil. Marmont and others of repute are shown to favor this, and the Prince in his flight gets as far as the battlefield of Wagram, where the Vienna police overlook his party, arrest his friends, and are about to seize Flambeau to send him to Paris to be shot when the old man

stabs himself.

Left alone on the field with his dying henchman, the young Prince, to console Flambeau, dwells on the glory of death in such an environment to a French patriot, and in so doing works himself into a frenzy of passion. He hears again the groans of the thousands wounded in battle, and the idea possesses him that his life is an expiation for the cruelties of war under his father. In the last act the Prince dies of his malady, with his imperial cradle standing by his death bed and his gentleman-in-waiting reading excerpts from the chronicle of his christening.

Great and memorable passages are those in which, as their pupil of Obenaus, the Prince astonishes that worthy pedagogue by displaying intimate knowledge and fairly frantic admiration of Napoleon's victories on Austrian ground; the scene with Maria Louisa, in which the son surprises his frivolous mother by revealing the variety of his information, the depth of his nature, and the force of his emotion; the ironical response to his tutor when he declares the Prince is not a prisoner at Schönbrunn; the hysterical scene with the toy soldiers, used in demonstrating strategical movements in the study of war, the puppets having been secretly transformed over night into French troops by the skill of Flambeau; the scene in which he wheedles his old grandfather into promising that he may return to France and take the throne, and the succeeding episode in which Metternich craftily nullifies this promise.

Still more striking than any of these is the scene in which crafty Metternich forces the Prince to look into the mirror upon his feeble Hapsburg features and terrifies him by proclaiming the weakness and madness of his line; though the measured cadences of the French dramatic verse restrict the play of passions here within rather coldly classical limits.

The frenzy of the defeated youth on the ground of his father's famous victory is a passage fairly untranslatable into English, both its spirit, and its literary form. It is a splendidly imagined episode, and in the original, with Bernhardt to interpret its meaning, it thrills the spectator, while, of course, the sentimental and essentially French death scene becomes irresistibly pathetic in Bernhardt's treatment.

Pictorially Bernhardt's Duke of Reichstadt is a rather handsome youth, whose lack of physical strength is not unduly emphasized, whose every movement is graceful, who has a royal manner, and is not markedly effeminate. The range of emotion calls her best gifts into play. The illustrative "business" is as richly elaborated as ever in her portrayals, but the ultimate effect in every scene is the very simplicity of nature.

The tirades, such as the "history lesson," the defiance to the Austrian Emperor and his Minister, the avowal to faithful Prokesch, and the exultation over the painted puppets, are delivered with that astonishing volubility which only this one dramatic artist, it seems, can combine with both dignity and beauty of utterance, while the denotement of the youth's frenzy in that grim scene on the battlefield, as has been said, is wonderfully moving.

In that episode the eye as well as the ear is appealed to, and the shadowy figures of the wounded soldiers of Wagram are dimly seen while the defeated young Napoleon raves.

Flambeau, or Flambart, the veteran grenadier, who confers with others less dis-

interested to secure the return of the Bonapartes to power, is a character fit to associate with this idealized Eaglet, no merely pictorial battle-scarred veteran such as has posed in half a thousand romantic pieces, but the genuine personification of an idea, the embodiment of a national sentiment. It is a brief rôle, to be sure. That of Metternich surpasses the Grenadier in conspicuousness, and perhaps, strictly speaking, in dramatic importance. But it is not a conventionalized figure, and its ideality, its grim humor, its moving passion, its inherent pathos, call for an actor of the first rank. Flambeau has more to say, also, if not to do, in the French than in the English version of the play.

The rebuke to Marmont, in which the Grenadier, without preamble, bursts into a splendidly vehement, turbulent, and audaciously conceived tribute to the soldiers of Napoleon, stirring his son to a wild burst of passionate exultation, and the succeeding episodes, including the extravagant scene with the Parisian trophies, the encounter with Metternich in the night, the wrangle with the maskers, and the death, need an infinite variety of expression to do them justice in the performance.

Coquelin's portrayal does not deprive this character of its poetical suggestiveness or its touch of tragedy. The speech about the sufferings of the Grenadiers is a wonderful example of forcible, varied, and stirring elocution. The death scene is of a quality to match the finest efforts of M. Coquelin's associate artist. And there is a perspective of emotion, of vitality, and of humor in the acting, which lends to the character probably a stronger and finer effect than it has ever possessed before. The scene with the trophies is delicious comedy, but with the foreboding of tragedy ever in view. The moderation and delicacy of the impersonation are delightful.

This same moderation is noticeable in the whole performance. A better dramatic representation by French actors has probably never been seen in New York. Every rôle is well acted and none is overacted. The frivolous Marie Louise, sentimental Therese, Metternich, the nameless but heroic French attaché, Fanny Elssler, and the cloquent Tailor are excellent impersonations.

The "business" often differs from that employed at the Knickerbocker Theatre, and is generally more subtle and suggestive. The scenery and dresses are no better than those employed in the English version, but the management of the lights is beyond cavil, which it rarely is on the English-speaking stage. The play is given in the original six acts, and only the scene of the interruption of the courting of Bombelles and Marie Louise is omitted.

Le Duc de Reichstadt.....	Sarah Bernhardt
Flambeau.....	M. Coquelin
Metternich.....	M. Desjardins
Le Tailleur.....	M. Scheller
Marmont.....	M. Rebel
Gentz.....	M. Deschamps
D'Obenaus.....	M. Piron
Prokesch.....	M. Denenbourg
L'Attaché Français.....	M. Kraus
Tiburge.....	M. Laurent
Dietrichstein.....	M. Remy
Le Gal Hartman.....	M. Guiraud
L'Empereur Franz.....	M. Durac
Marie-Louise.....	Mme. Mea
Princess Camerata.....	Mme. Marcy
Therese.....	Mme. Daniloff
Fannie Elssler.....	Mme. Kervich
Archduchess.....	Mme. Boufanger
Princesse.....	Mme. Cellarius
Scarampi.....	Mme. Patry

lppine Islands has been completed. The survey developed the fact that an almost level plane of soft mud at a general depth of about 2,700 fathoms extends from Honolulu to the Midway Islands, affording an excellent route for a submarine telegraph cable; that between the Midway Islands and Guam another level plane from 3,100 to 3,200 fathoms deep is found, but is broken at intervals by reefs and occasionally by submarine mountain ranges. The first 1,000 miles from the Midway Islands, with the exception of one isolated peak not far from Ocean Island rising to within eighty-two fathoms of the surface, is substantially level.

"In view of the number of large fighting vessels already authorized, some of them hardly begun, the department is of opinion that Congress at its coming session should be asked for only two battleships and two armored cruisers, all of the maximum displacement specified; that at least six light-draft gunboats, and some small craft, for river service are especially desirable in connection with our insular service, and that the colliers, training ships, transport and repair ship are the necessary accompaniment of the general recent increase of the navy, both in its fighting force and in the enlarged range of its operations."

## FEARED ATTACK ON GEN. LEE

Cuban Convention Rejects Resolution of Sorrow for His Departure.

HAVANA, Nov. 26.—In to-day's session of the Cuban Constitutional Convention in the Marti Theatre, Senor de Quesada moved the rejection of the resolution introduced on Saturday by Senores Rivero, Cisneros and Villundas expressing the sorrow of the convention at the departure of General Fitzhugh Lee. The resolution was thereupon rejected unanimously.

It is understood that the session that

frain from anecdotes of that character."

Emperor William has abandoned automobile since his automobile overturned. At the recent St. Hubert's hunt at Doberitz the Emperor was unhorsed, and the animal has since been sold.

## ~ DOWIE LACEMAKERS WIN.

Treasury Department Decides to Admit Them and Their Families.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26.—The Treasury Department to-day decided to admit the lacemakers and their families who were brought to this country by Dr. J. A. Dowie, the founder of Zion City, Ill., to teach the art of lacemaking.

This is a reversal of the action of the Philadelphia Immigration officials, who had decided that the lacemakers should not be admitted.

Commissioner General Powderly, in his letter to the Commissioner of Immigration in Philadelphia, directing that the lacemakers be admitted, said:

"It appears that the appellants will manufacture not only lace, but also the thread from which such lace is to be made. Although lacemaking in some of its branches has been carried on in this country for some years, heretofore it seems to have been the practice to import the thread used in such establishments.

"The department is of the opinion that said industry is a new one and there apparently is no violation of the alien contract labor laws."

## INDIANS NEED THEIR RATINGS

Many in North Dakota Would Starve to Death Without Them.

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Commissioner of Indian Affairs

SAVANNAH, GA., NOV. 27, 1901



# SARAH BERNHARDT, IN "L'AIGLON," MAKES GREATEST TRIUMPH OF GREAT CAREER

New York Press

November 27, 1901.

## Rostand's Wonderful Play Seen Here for the First Time in Its Entire Beauty—Coquelin a Full Sharer in the Acclaim.

It is merely a shift in genius at the Garden Theatre. Shakespeare's verse gives place to Rostand's verse, and the fine art of France, illustrated by Bernhardt and Coquelin, supersedes the worthy skill of America, expressed by Richard Mansfield. The Swan of Avon could have no more graceful successor than this new Gaul, who alone, among all the dramatists of three centuries, comes near to Shakespeare. Nor is Mansfield missed, for although the most considerable player of our stage, he is supplanted by greater actors in the passionate Jewess and her comedian comrade, Constant Coquelin. The new traditions of this formerly unfortunate but now prosperous house are maintained by the present engagement. Even the audience is unchanged. Apparently the same people who studied the scholarly effort of our own actor assembled again last evening to watch the more brilliant performance of the French players, and "L'Aiglon," though fresh, was as much approved as the familiar "Henry IV."

Victor Hugo's famous line in "L'Annee Terrible," from which Rostand took the title of his drama, "L'Angleterre prit l'aigle et l'Autriche l'aiglon," might be amended by the argument that l'Aiglon prit Amerique. This play has conquered our judges of the drama. No modern author possesses such a knowledge of stage effect as is declared by Edmond Rostand or such dignity in its expression. In an English version of the drama lately produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre much was eliminated from the text. This excision was inartistic and unpardonable. Rostand has conceived a story in whose relation there is not a superfluous word. Every scene, incident and character in his drama has its place in a work of supreme art and each line of dialogue is essential to the symmetry of the creation. This play is arranged with the exactness of mathematics, and if one part of it be removed the whole matter becomes unfinished. The author does not depend for his effects solely on action, but relies on his verse, on each line of his verse, and, it might almost be said, on the precise intonation and emphasis of each syllable of his verse. In the English adaptation certain figures of speech and fancy are left out, and the drama, lacking them, is disjointed and halting. In its original the mosaic is complete, the picture is finished and the author is revealed in his full eloquence of power. Therefore "L'Aiglon," given in a maimed condition in the vernacular—as though "Hamlet" were translated into French with the omission of "O what a rogue and peasant slave am I" and "To be or not to be"—made no important impression.

Mme. Bernhardt produced the play as it was written, realizing the value which the

author had placed on every element of speech and action, and allowing each its exact importance in performance. By this artistic fidelity to the dramatist's ideal the French actress and her companions declared the sturdy foundations on which Rostand's fame rests and established him as an unparalleled master of technique, imagination, diction, human interest and dramatic power.

Although most of the spectators last night had paid high prices to see the two most celebrated actors of the French stage, our interest was claimed by the drama as much as by its interpreters, and the play was an essential thing. Edmond Rostand will live long after his actors are dead, and his birth—for in "L'Aiglon" as in "Cyrano" by these performers is his real nativity among us—is a matter of great pith and moment in dramatic literature. Nor Scribe, nor Moliere, nor Sardou, nor Dumas can stand beside this new Frenchman. Rostand takes his proper fitting place at the footstool of William Shakespeare.

Happy is the author that has such interpreters! The Swan was in no way so blest, for his chief player was Burbage, and Shakespeare himself, being put to it for lack of a better, played clumsily. Rostand, however, comes to us with the glory of French art in Bernhardt and Coquelin, and eloquently they illustrate his genius.

Mme. Sarah's little eagle is her greatest effort. It is astounding, fascinating and beautiful in artistic completeness. From the time she comes upon the scene in her suit of solemn black until the last hour that snuffs out her feeble life she holds the audience magnetized.

It is a performance that runs the entire gamut of her dramatic expression, which is practically unlimited in range—now pensive, now wrathful, now pettish, now melancholy, now passionate, now playful, now humorous, now emotional, now tragic, and each mood declared with the fullness that only Bernhardt gives. In the mirror scene she depicted, as in "La Tosca," all the anguish of a tortured soul. In the scene of the field of Wagram she rose to a splendid fury of declamation that conjured up pictures in the fancy as striking as those invoked by the author's verse. Truly Mme. Sarah calls L'Aiglon "a white Hamlet," for here we discover the same irresolution of purpose, the same ardent hope, the same despair as lies in Shakespeare's hero, and the same eventual nothingness.

M. Coquelin, on this occasion, made his debut as Flambeau. The part was written for him, and he brings to it all the qualities of humor, dignity, breadth of design and consummate detail for which he is unrivaled in art. The great Frenchman divided the applause of last evening with the greater Frenchwoman, and both were rewarded by such a generosity of approval as an American public gives to players whom it holds in extraordinary favor.

The cast was generally excellent. M. Desjardin's Metternich was worthy, and the Emperor Franz of M. Durec was well conceived and carried out. In scenery and support these distinguished actors come to us with good countenance.

The speculators won their first victory over the public in this instance. Every seat was bought, many of the tickets commanding fabulous prices, and the theatre was packed.

H. B.

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WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1900.

## THE STORY OF L'AIGLON.

THE action of the play begins in Maria Louisa's salon, where is revealed a bevy of pretty women in ravishing costumes, who give themselves up to laughter, chatter and snatches of music. Frivolity and intrigue go hand-in-hand at the Austrian Court; and while gay women are gilding the hours as best they can, and Prince Metternich is keeping a keen watch upon all that is going forward, sympathizers with young Napoleon II., the Duke of Reichstadt, a weakling, who is stricken with consumption, find their way to his side and urge him to redeem France. One of these, the Countess Camerata, who is of Corsican blood, appears in the guise of a modiste. This woman comes specially from Paris to persuade the Duke to attempt a coup and return to the faithful partisans of his father. Reichstadt hesitates. He is not sure of himself—he will not promise.

This act, the first, is brought to a close by a sudden appearance of the dancer, Fanny Elssler, who mounts a table and declaims the latest bulletin of the Grande Armee, which she has learned by heart for love of the Duke. This wakes Reichstadt from his reveries, and he holds forth before the astonished Court, showing that he knows a good deal more of the history of his father, the Emperor Napoleon, than it was intended he should.

Next we see the Duke in his study at Schonbrunn, about to take his lesson in the art of war. He discovers that the little wooden soldiers which usually figured as Austrian marionettes have been painted by some friendly hand in semblance of the Grande Armee. Metternich enters, and a stormy dialogue ensues. Upon his departure, one of the servants, supposed to be a spy in the service of Austria, discovers himself to the Duke as Flambeau, a former grenadier of Napoleon's Guard, who has introduced himself into the Court of Schonbrunn for the purpose of escorting the young Napoleon back to France. The Duke promises he will go, but not until he shall have asked his grandfather's leave. This failing, he will escape.

Then comes an interview between Reichstadt and the Emperor Francis, in which the former pleads with charming grace to be allowed to go to France. The old Emperor is about to accede, when Metternich, as usual, intervenes, and puts a stop to any such plan. Failing by all the methods he had tried to dissuade the son of Napoleon from his desire to return to the land of his father, Metternich takes another course, and tries moral suasion. He leads the young Duke before a looking-glass, and there bidding him look at himself, reproaches him for his blue eyes and fair hair, his unmistakable Hapsburg features, and tells him he is not fit to succeed to the throne of his father. After failing to win the Emperor's consent to his return to France, the Duke determines to accede to the requests of the Bonapartists, and go anyhow. The escape is made during a night fete given by Metternich. The Duke has promised to meet his friends upon the battlefield of Wagram. In order to facilitate his escape, he changes cloaks with the Countess Camerata, who, of many, is in love with him; and while she mingles with the throng of merry-makers, Reichstadt makes his way out of the park of Schonbrunn.

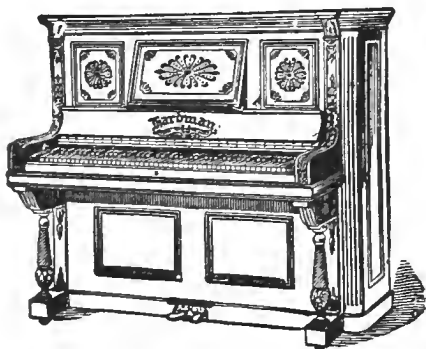
He goes direct to the field of Wagram. It is night. Reichstadt appears there, accompanied by Flambeau, the faithful guardian. However, the Court has been warned of the Duke's escape and that of his companion. They are pursued by the soldiery of Metternich; and Flambeau, rather than be taken alive, stabs himself and dies in the arms of his Prince, amid the wails of spirits supposed to be those of the slain in battle.

The final act of the play presents to us the deathbed of the Duke of Reichstadt. He expires, surrounded by his friends and family—of the Austrian branch—his hand upon the silver cradle which had been presented to him by the city of Paris when he was hailed as King of Rome; while General Hartman reads the bulletin of the Grande Armee by way of prayers for the dying. When he is dead, Metternich says, without a show of feeling, "Bury him in the uniform of an Austrian colonel!"

And that is the end of the poor, pathetic little hero, the Eaglet.

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# L'AIGLON

Adapted into English by LOUIS N. PARKER.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT, son of Napoleon I. and the Arch-Duchess Maria Louisa of Austria.....	MAUDE ADAMS
FLAMBEAU, a veteran.....	J. H. CILMOUR
PRINCE METTERNICH, Chancellor of Austria.....	EDWIN ARDEN
COUNT PROKESCH.....	PERCY LYNDAL
BARON FRIEDRICH VON GENTZ.....	EUGENE JEPSON
THE ATTACHEE OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY at the Austrian Court.....	OSWALD YORKE
THE TAILOR, a conspirator.....	WM. LEWERS
COUNT MAURICE DIETRICHSTEIN.....	EDWARD LESTER
BARON VON OBENAU.....	R. PEYTON CARTER
THE EMPEROR FRANCIS OF AUSTRIA.....	JOS. FRANCOEUR
MARSHAL MARMONT, Duke of Ragusa.....	J. H. BENRIMO
COUNT SEDLNIZKY, Prefect of the Austrian Police.....	WM. CROSBY
THE MARQUIS OF BOMBELLES, betrothed to Maria Louisa.....	CLAYTON LEGGE
TIBURTIUS DE LOGET.....	GEORGE IRVING
LORD COWLEY, English Ambassador at the Austrian Court.....	RIENZI DE CORDOVA
COUNT SANDOR.....	EDWARD JACOBS
DOCTOR MALFATTI.....	H. D. JAMES
GENERAL HARTMAN.....	HERBERT CARR
CAPTAIN FORESTI.....	JOHN S. ROBERTSON
AN AUSTRIAN SERGEANT.....	LLOYD CARLETON
A COUNTRY DOCTOR.....	FREDERICK SPENCER
HIS SON.....	BYRON ONGLEY
THALBERG.....	B. B. BELCHER
MONTENEGRO.....	MORTIMER WELDON
THE CHAMBERLAIN.....	CHARLES MARTIN
AN OFFICER OF THE NOBLE GUARD, the Emperor of Austria's Bodyguard.....	HENRY P. DAVIS
THE MARQUIS OF OTRANTO, son of Fouche.....	CHARLES HENDERSON
GOUBEAUX.....	DON C. MERRIFIELD
PIONNET.....	HENRY CLARKE
MORCHAIN.....	THOS. H. ELWOOD
GUIBERT.....	GEO. KLEIN
BOROFSKI.....	FRANK GOODMAN
FIRST POLICE OFFICER.....	RALPH YOERG
FIRST ARCHDUKE, a child.....	WALTER BUTTERWORTH
SECOND ARCHDUKE, a child.....	JOHN LEEMAN
MARIA LOUISA, second wife of Napoleon I., widow of Count Neipperg.....	IDA WATERMAN
THE ARCHDUCHESS SOPHIA OF AUSTRIA.....	SARAH CONVERSE
THERESA DE LOGET, sister of Tiburtius de Loget.....	ELLY COLLMER
THE COUNTESS NAPOLEONE CAMERATA, daughter of Napoleon's sister, Elisa Bacciocchi.....	SARA PERRY
FANNY ELSSLER.....	MARGARET GORDON
SCARAMPI, Mistress of the Robes.....	FRANCIS COMSTOCK
MINA, a maid-of-honor.....	EDITH SCOTT
AN ARCHDUCHESS, a child.....	BEATRICE MORRISON

Princes, Princesses, Archdukes, Archduchesses, Maids-of-Honor, Officers, Noble Guard, Masks (Male and Female), Croatian Peasants, Hungarian Peasants, Austrian Soldiers, Police Officers.

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# New-York Daily Tribune

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1905.

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## ROSTAND'S NEW PLAY.

From the London Academy.

Rostand's new play will soon be the talk of all Paris, if not of all the world. "Chanteclair" will be extremely original, as all the actors will be dressed up as animals. The plot was suggested to Mr. Rostand by Goethe's novel on the old French story, "Roman de Renard." He at once studied the possibilities of creating a new play out of it, and is now more in love with his creation than he has ever been with any of his other plays. The principal rôle in "Chanteclair" will be played by M. Coquelin at the Gaité Theatre, where it is expected to create the biggest sensation of the winter. The title of the play has long been decided, but Mr. Rostand is still hesitating whether or not he will use the old orthography and call it "Chanteclerc."



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—IN—

### L'AIGLON.

Drame en Six Actes et en vers, de M. EDMOND ROSTAND.

Le Duc de Reichstadt,	Un Homme.....M. Solellan
Mme. Sarah Bernhardt	Un Paysan.....M. Dupuis
Flambeau .....M. Coquelin	Marie-Louise .....Mme. Mea
Metternich .....M. Desjardin	Princesse Camerata,
Le Tailleur .....M. Scheller	Mme. Marcya
Marmont .....M. Rebel	Therese .....Mme. Damiroff
Gentz .....M. Deschamps	Fanny Essler.....Mme. Kervich
D'Obenaus .....M. Piron	L'Archiduchess,
Prokesch .....M. Denenbourg	Mme. Boulanger
l'Attache Francais....M. Krauss	La Princesse....Mme. Cellarius
Tiburce .....M. Laurent	Une Archiduchess..Mme. Bardey
Dietrichstein .....M. Ramy	Scarampi .....Mme. Patry
Le Gal Hartman....M. Guiraud	La Comtesse.....Mme. Savelli
l'Empereur Franz.....M. Durac	La Duchesse.....Mme. Tasuy
Le Docteur.....M. Mallet	Olga Dlle d'Honneur,
Lord Cowley.....M. Barry	Mme. Simonson
Sedlinsky .....M. Dara	Lady Cowley.....Mme. Solters
Un Garde Noble.....M. Maret	Une Paysanne....Mme. Chauvet
Bombelles .....M. Fusch	Une Vielle Paysanne,
Thalberg .....M. Francals	Mme. Heyser
Un Domestique....M. Deneuville	Une Paysanne.....Mme. Henry
Gimbert .....M. Stebler	Demille. d'Honneur..Mme. Jiguel
Un Montagnard.....M. Canroy	Une dlle d'Honneur,
Furstenburg .....Chabert	Mme. Royer
Josica .....M. Jayer	Un Petit Archiduc,
Un Masque .....M. Julien	Mme. Blanche Legereau
Borestl .....M. Stephano	Une Ptte Archiduchene,
Un Paysan.....M. Rigler	Mme. Ninette Legereau
Pionnet .....M. Durand	

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Dramatized by R. and M. W. HITCHCOCK.

From the novel of 'David Harum,' by Edward Noyes Wescott.  
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## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

David Harum, banker and horse-trader, of Homeville, New York ..... William H. Crane  
John Lenox, a hero in reduced circumstances..George S. Probert  
General Wolsey, a New York lawyer.....Frank Burbeck  
Chet Timson, clerk to David Harum.....Charles Jackson  
Dick Larribee, factotum to David Harum....William Sampson  
Deacon Perkins, a pillar of the church.....Homer Granville  
'Zeke Swinney, an usurer of Homeville.....Sheriden Tupper  
Amos Elright, landlord of the Eagle Tavern.....Will Dean  
Dug Robinson, drives the barge to the station..George F. Devere  
Pelig Hopkins, boy in David Harum's bank.....Charles Avery  
Bill Montaig, a Homeville tough.....W. Dupont  
Mary Blake, ward of General Wolsey.....Katherine Florence  
Aunt Polly Bixbee, sister of David Harum.....Kate Meek  
Widow Cullum, who has seen better days...Elios Frances Clark

## SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Exterior of David Harum's bank and house at Homeville, New York. Act II.—David Harum's office, adjoining the main room of the bank. Act III.—Sitting-room in David Harum's house.



EDMOND ROSTAND, THE FRENCH AUTHOR, WHOSE "CYRANO DE BERGERAC" HAS WON FOR HIM A PLACE AMONG THE GREAT PLAYWRIGHTS OF THE DAY.

*From a photograph by Boyer, Paris.*

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Monday, Dec. 3, **L'AIGLON** Drame en Six Actes  
 at 8 P. M. et en vers de  
 M. EDMOND ROSTAND.

Le Duc de Reichstadt.....	Mme. Sarah Bernhardt
Flambeau .....	M. Coquelin
Metternich.....	Desjardin
Le Tailleur .....	Scheller
Marmont .....	Rebel
Gentz .....	Deschamps
D'Obenaus.....	Piron
Prokesch .....	Denenbourg
l'Attache Francais.....	Krauss
Tiburce.....	Laurent
Dietrichstein.....	Ramy
Le Ga' Hartman.....	Guiraud
l'Empereur Franz.....	Durec
Le Docteur.....	Mallet
Lord Cowley.....	Barry
Sedlinsky.....	Dara
Un Garde Noble .....	Maret
Bombelles .....	Fusch
Thalberg .....	Francais
Un Domestique.....	Deneuille
Gimbert .....	Stebler
Un Montagnard.....	Canroy
Furstenburg .....	Chabert
Joslca.....	Jayer
Un Masque.....	Julien
Boresti .....	Stephano
Un Paysan.....	Rigler
Pionnet.....	Durand
Un Homme.....	Soleillan
Un Paysan.....	Dupuis
Marle-Louise.....	Mesdme Mea
Princess Camerata.....	" Marcya
Therese .....	" Damiroff
Fannie Essler.....	" Kervich
L'Archiduchess .....	" Boulanger
La Princesse.....	" Cellarius
Une Archiduchess.....	" Bartley
Scarampi .....	" Patry
La Comtesse .....	" Savelli
La Duchesse .....	" Tasuy
Olga Dlle d'Honneur.....	" Simonson
Lady Cowley.....	" Solters
Une Paysanne.....	" Chauvet
Une Vielle Paysanne.....	" Heyser
Une Paysanne.....	" Henry
Demlle. d'Honneur .....	" Jiguel
Une dlle d'Honneur.....	" Royer
Une Petit Archiduc.....	" Blanche Legereau
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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1910.

## Rostand.

*Max Beerbohm, in the Saturday.*

There will be reprisals, of course. M. Rostand has never been beloved, has always been belittled, by the superior persons. And with good reason. Such invariable and preeminent success as his is not lovable; and there is so much of him to belittle. I myself, as a superior person, have often joined in the game of detraction, finding it good fun. This time, however, I prefer to round on my comrades, stricken though they are. I grant them M. Rostand is not a poet in the strict sense of the word (alias, the sense which fashion, at the present moment, attaches to the word). He is not a shy, pensive, simple, very sincere, very wistful man, brooding on life's mysteries. I like and respect such men very much indeed. But, taking them on the average, I would willingly exchange a round dozen of them for one Rostand. In his exuberant rhetoric and wit and inventive power and knowledge of human nature, Rostand seems to me quite twelve times more treasurable than one of these little ones.

Of course, for a really great poet I would barter Rostand. If I had to choose between him and Maeterlinck, for example, I should not hesitate for a moment. But as the choice is not forced on me, I am free to delight in both. A curious conjunction, these two names! Maeterlinck, the massive, the eupeptic, with his motor-bicycle and his bulldog—Maeterlinck, the child-like in heart, the sweet and profound seer, the eagle etherial; and Rostand, the delicate of frame, the dandy, the dilettante, yet in his work all gusto and virility and expansiveness. Maeterlinck, the man of imagination; and Rostand, the man of a million-and-one fancies. Rostand, all crowned with the pride and pomps of life, saluting Nature, adoring her, "au mieux" with her; Maeterlinck knowing her soul from within. I have often thought that the universality of Maeterlinck's mind is his because he has, in virtue of being a Belgian, no nationality to speak of. If Rostand had not been born a Frenchman—but no, the hypothesis is inconceivable. We cannot imagine Rostand as other than French to his fingertips. He could never have been universal. Yet is it the very strength of nationality in him that speeds his genius across frontiers and seas.



ЯР